



OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.



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# LOOK ABOUT YOU

1600

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS

1913

This reprint of *Look about You* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

*Dec.* 1913.

W. W. Greg.

No entry of *Look about You* has been found in the Stationers' Register. It was printed for William Ferbrand in quarto, with the date 1600, and bore the devices of Edward Allde. The type is roman of a size approximating to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). Copies are in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, the Dyce Collection, and in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The second of these is imperfect, wanting the last two sheets, and is somewhat mutilated besides. The present reprint is based on the Bodleian copy so far as it goes, supplemented from that in the British Museum, while the two other copies mentioned have also been consulted.

On the title-page is a statement to the effect that the piece had lately been performed by the Lord Admiral's company. In 1600 these men had been for some years in regular occupation of the Rose, Henslowe's playhouse on the Bankside. Unfortunately there is no entry in that manager's accounts of any play which can be identified with the present piece with sufficient plausibility to make it worth while discussing the matter here. It must however be mentioned that in June and July 1601 we find Henslowe making advances to one Anthony Wadeson, a poet who does not elsewhere appear in the Diary, in earnest of a play called 'The Honourable Life of the Humorous Earl of Gloucester with his Conquest of Portugal' (fols. 85, 87<sup>v</sup>, 91<sup>v</sup>). Since *Look about You* ends with Gloucester's announcement of his purpose of going to Portugal to drive out the Saracens, it is fairly obvious that Wadeson's play was intended as a sequel to the present piece. There is then some, though not very conclusive, ground for supposing that Anthony Wadeson may have been the author of *Look about You*.

## LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &c.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question, and of those in which different copies of the original have been found to vary. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, or which are liable to be mistaken for such, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation, nor does the appearance of a reading in this list necessarily imply that it is incorrect.

The printing of the present play is far from accurate. In a very large number of cases speeches end with a comma, and towards the end colons are frequent after speakers' names. These two irregularities have been disregarded in the following list. Only one instance of a variation between copies has been observed (l. 285).

82 <i>Old.</i>	716 faith
191 left	749 Vertuuos
214 an] <i>possibly a n</i>	752 Solicitie
216] <i>no catchword</i>	782 calling
282 Aud] <i>really turned n</i>	784 Porter,
285 <i>Ioh O] Ioh O Bodl. Dyce, Devon.:</i>	879 them
<i>Ih O B.M.</i>	895 passe, Skink] <i>comma doubtful</i>
298 fitly] <i>possibly fi tly</i>	897 and
343 lands	918 <i>Exit.</i> ] <i>period doubtful</i>
369 <i>to you</i>	933 harsh] <i>r doubtful, portion visible</i>
414 wiu,	<i>in Dyce</i>
445 Faukenbridge	966 plauge
472 fieldes,	972 number lesse
520 ty de,	997 <i>Quee</i>
531 Fau kenbridge,	1002 <i>off,</i>
567 antiquity	1014, 1027 <i>Quee</i>
578 <i>Blo</i>	1045 Gads
580 will	1054 heere:
585 excepts	1065 that] <i>lacuna</i>
595 ties	1117 ever
603 he	1121 <i>Prfeuant.] really turned u</i>
<i>minde.</i>	1128 <i>Exeuntt.</i>
619 <i>Ric</i>	1181 heare,] <i>first e doubtful</i>
623 (you	1267 Betteriwis
628 <i>Blr.</i>	1278 <i>Ski</i>
630 base	1289 suspition,
712 <i>La. how</i>	1352 <i>Io</i>
713 secretly.	1373 Gloste radicu.

1386	<i>Fau</i>	2344	as
1411	<i>Fau</i> ,	2356	<i>Rob</i> ,
1447	BerLady,	2369	himselfe ;
1452	<i>Rcib</i> .	2371	me. she
1472	Salutation.] <i>possibly</i> Salutation,	2402	<i>Exit</i>
1526	<i>Dra</i> ,	2432	it,] <i>possibly</i> it.
1548	Withing	2494	(friend
1549	ftickt.] <i>possibly</i> ftickt,	2504	<i>twife</i>
1567	<i>Richard</i> .	2511	wondrous
1579]	<i>indented</i>	2571	blindand
1581	feeke,] <i>possibly</i> fee ke,	2579	sport
1586	out,	2582	wray
1589	twy lights	2587	hy
1608	lyiug	2593	aſpectacle,
1609-10	plea-[ſure,] <i>really</i> turned u	2643	theeuifh] <i>possibly</i> the euifh
1659	th'emaffe,	2669	<i>Ley</i> ,
1667	<i>Rcib</i> .	2699	<i>La</i> ,
1697	fo	2719	tougue
1743	at	2725	admit] <i>possibly</i> a dmit
1758	Lordſhips	2758	He's
1771	c.w. it		Block Bl.
1792	ad	2790	g one
1812	<i>Red</i> ,	2793	<i>Princcſſe</i>
1844	<i>Exit</i>	2833	cornation,
1869	houour'd	2874	<i>Coronts</i> .
1989	he'll	2879	<i>ſhe a Coronet</i>
2026	them	2915	<i>Ley</i> ,
2028	apray.	2918	A gainſt
2035	<i>Fa</i> .	2930	William
2038	abots	2962	refoul'd,
2041	<i>Fau</i> ,	3002	furies] <i>possibly</i> furies
2107	<i>Glo</i>	3018	ex ecution
2125	font	3054	Soveraigne.
2129	the fiends] <i>possibly</i> thefiends	3072	it
2164	be thinke	3120	mad :
2175	your are	3121	<i>Hen</i>
2200	in,	3195	ſcotrch
2216	inpoſed	3212	<i>Exeunt</i>
2241	eue n		Running-titles :
2284	made : ?		E 2 <sup>v</sup> A] <i>really</i> turned V
2312	methinkes] <i>possibly</i> me thinkes		E 3 <sup>v</sup> V
2314	prining		H 3 <sup>v</sup> Commodity,] <i>possibly</i>
2317	wowen		C om mody,
2318	giuen good] <i>possibly</i> giuengood		I 3 Looke] <i>possibly</i> Lo o ke
2324	<i>La</i>		

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

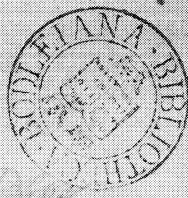
ROBIN HOOD, Earl of HUNTINGDON.	a Constable of the Watch.
his Servant.	BLOCK, servant to Fauconbridge.
SKINK.	Lady FAUCONBRIDGE, sister to Glou-
HENRY the Second, King of England.	cester.
HENRY	the Porter of the Fleet.
RICHARD } his sons.	Queen ELINOR, wife of King Henry.
JOHN	a Pursuivant.
ROBERT, Earl of GLOUCESTER.	a Drawer.
Earl of LANCASTER.	a Sheriff.
Earl of CHESTER.	HUMPHREY, servant to Fauconbridge.
Earl of LEICESTER.	a Page of Lady Rawford's.
Sir RICHARD FAUCONBRIDGE.	Music.
the Warden of the Fleet.	the Wife of Prince Henry.
REDCAP, son to the porter of the Fleet.	

Two Heralds, Watch, Sheriffs, Officers, Huntsmen, Senet, Isabel wife of Prince John.

The name Humphrey, by which the servingman in Sc. xi (ll. 1767-8) is addressed, is most likely that of the actor Humphrey Jeffes.

*MD.*  
A  
PLEASANT  
COMMODIE,  
*CALL'D*  
Locke about you.

As it was lately played by the right honoura-  
ble the Lord High Admirall his servants



LONDON,  
Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be  
solde at his shop at the signe of the Crowne  
neere Guild-hall gate.  
1600.







*A pleasaunt Commodye*  
called  
*Looke about you.*

*Enter Robert Hood a young Noble-man, a seruant wit' him,  
with ryding wandes in theyr handes, as if they had bene new  
lighted.*

*Robert.*

**G**Oe, walke the horses, wayte me on the hill,  
This is the Hermits Cell, goe out of sight:  
My busines with him must not be reueal'd,  
To any mortall creature but himselfe.

*San. He waite your honour in the crosse high-way. Exit.*

*Rob. Doe so: Hermit deuout and reuerend,  
If drouse age keepe not thy stiffened ioyntes,  
On thy vnrestfull bed, or if the houres  
Of holy Orizons detayne thee not,  
Come forth.*

*Enter Skinke like an Hermit.*

*Skin. Good morrow son, good morrow, & God bleſſe thee  
A brighter Gleame of true Nobility (Huntington,  
Shines not in any youth more then in thee.  
Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed,  
Thou shalt win foes by feare, and friends by meede.*

*Rob. Father, I come not now to know my fate,  
Important busines vrgeth Princely Richard, Deliner letters.  
In these termes to salute thy reuerent age.  
Read and be brieſe, I know some cause of trust,  
Made him imploy me for his messenger.*

*Skin. A cause of trust indeed true honoured youth,  
Princes had need in matters of import,*

*A 2*

*To*



A  
PLEASANT  
COMMODIE,  
*CALLED*  
Looke about you.

As it was lately played by the right honoura-  
ble the Lord High Admirall his seruants



L O N D O N,  
Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be  
solde at his shop at the signe of the Crowne  
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1600.





*A pleasaunt Commodye*  
called  
**Looke about you.**

*Enter Robert Hood a young Noble-man, a seruant with him, Sc. i  
with ryding wandes in theyr handes, as if they had beene new  
lighted.*

*Robert.*

**G**Oe, walke the hofes, wayte me on the hill,  
This is the Hermits Cell, goe out of fight:  
My bufines with him muft not be reueal'd,  
To any mortall creature but himfelfe.

*Seru.* Ile waite your honour in the croffe high-way. *Exit.*

*Rob.* Doe fo: Hermit deuout and reuerend, 10  
If droufie age keepe not thy ftiffened ioyntes,  
On thy vnrestfull bed, or if the houres  
Of holy Orizons detayne thee not,  
Come forth.

*Enter Skinke like an Hermit.*

*Skin.* Good morrow fon, good morrow, & God bleffe thee  
A brighter Gleame of true Nobility (Huntington,  
Shines not in any youth more then in thee.  
Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of fpeed,  
Thou shalt win foes by feare, and friends by meede. 20

*Rob.* Father, I come not now to know my fate,  
Important bufines vrgeth Princely *Richard*, *Deliuier letters.*  
In thefe termes to falute thy reuerent age.  
Read and be briefe, I know fome caufe of trust,  
Made him imploy me for his meffenger.

*Skin.* A caufe of trust indeed true honoured youth,  
Princes had need in matters of import,

A pleasant Commodity,

To make nice choyse faire Earle, if I not erre,  
Thou art the Princes ward.

*Ro.* Father I am his ward, his Chamberlaine & bed-fellow. 30

*Skin.* Faire fall thee honourable *Robert Hood*,  
Wend to Prince *Richard*, say though I am loath,  
To vse my skill in Coniuration :  
Yet *Skinke* that poysoned red cheekt *Rosamond*,  
Shall make appearaunce at the Parliament,  
He shall be there by noone assure his Grace.

*Rob.* Good morrow Father, see you faile him not,  
For though the villaine did a horrible deed,  
Yet hath the young King *Richard*, and Earle *John*,  
Sworne to defend him from his greatest foes. 40

*Skin.* Gods benizon be with thee noble Earle.

*Rob.* Adew good father, holla there, my horse? *Exit.*

*Skin.* Vp, spur the kicking Iade, while I make speede  
To Coniure *Skinke* out of his Hermits weede ;  
Lye there religion, keep thy M. graue,  
And on the faire trust of these Princes word  
To Court againe *Skinke*: but before I goe,  
Let mischief take aduise of villany,  
Why to the Hermit letters should be sent,  
To poast *Skinke* to the Court incontinent : 50  
Is there no tricke in this ? ha let me see ?  
Or doe they know already I am he ?

If they doe so, faith westward then with *Skinke* :  
But what an asse am I to be thus fond,  
Heere lyes the Hermit whom I dying found  
Some two monthes since, when I was howerly charg'd  
With *Hugh* the Cryer and with Constables,  
I saw him in the ready way to heauen,  
I helpt him forward, t'was a holy deed ;  
And there he lyes some fixe foote in the ground, 60  
Since when, and since, I kept me in his weedes.  
O what a world of fooles haue fill'd my Cell ;  
For Fortunes, run-awaies, stolne goods, lost cattle,  
Among the number, all the faction  
That take the young Kings part against the olde ;

Come

called Looke about you.

Come to my selfe to harken for my selfe,  
So did the aduerse party make enquire,  
But eyther fall full of contrary desire:  
The olde Kings part would kill me being stain'd,  
The young Kings keep me from their violence. 70  
So then thou needst not feare, goe boldly on,  
Braue *Hall*, Prince *Dicke*, and my spruce hot spur *John*,  
Heer's their safe conduct: O but for *Rosamond*!  
A fig for *Rosamond*, to this hope Ile leane:  
At a Queenes bidding I did kill a queane.

*Sound Trumpets, enter with a Harrauld on the one side, Henry the 8. ii  
second Crowned, after him Lancaster, Chester, Sir Richard  
Faukenbridge: on the other part, K. Henry the Sonne crowned,  
Herrald after him: after him Prince Rich. Iohn, Leyster, being  
set, enters fantastical Robert of Gloster in a gowne girt: walks 80  
up and downe.*

*Old. K.* Why doth not *Gloster* take his honoured feate?  
*Glo.* In faith my Liege *Gloster* is in a land  
Where neyther fuerty is to sit or stand.  
I onely doe appeare as I am summoned,  
And will awaite without till I am call'd.  
*Yon. K.* Why heare you *Gloster*?  
*Glo. Henry* I doe heare you.  
*Yon. K.* And why not King?  
*Glo.* What's he that sits so neere you? 90  
*Rich.* King too.  
*Glo.* Two Kings? ha, ha.  
*Ol. K. Gloster* fit we charge thee.  
*Glo.* I will obey your charge, I will sit downe,  
But in this house, on no feate but the ground.  
*Iohn.* The feat's too good.  
*Glo.* I know it brother *Iohn*.  
*Jo.* Thy brother? *Ol. K.* Silence there.  
*Yon. K.* Passe to the billes Sir *Richard Faukenbridge*.  
*Fau.* My Lieges both, olde *Faukenbridge* is proude 100  
Of your right honour'd charge. He that worst may  
Will straine his olde eyes, God send peace this day.

## A pleafant Commodity

A bill for the releafement of the Queene prefer'd,  
By *Henry* the young King, *Rich.* the Prince, *John* Earle  
Of Murton, *Bohmine* Earle of Leifter and the cōmons:

*Old K.* Did you preferre this byll?

*All.* We did.

*Cheft. Lanc.* Yee did not well.

*Glo.* Why this is good, now fhall we haue the hell.

3. *Bro. Chefter* and *Lanchafter* you wrong the King.

*Cheft. Lan.* Our King we doe not.

*Yon. K.* Doe not you fee me crown'd?

*Lanc.* But whilft he liues we to none elfe are bound.

*Ley.* Is it not wrong thinke you, when all the world

Troubled with rumour of a captiue Queene,

Imprifoned by her husband in a Realme,

Where her owne fonne doth weare a Diademe?

Is like an head of people mutinous,

Still murmuring at the fhame done her and vs?

Is't not more wrong when her mother zeale

Sounded through Europe, Affricke, Affia,

Tels in the hollow of newes-thirfting eares,

Queene *Elinor* liues in a dungion,

For pittie and affection to her fonne:

But when the true caufe, Cliffords daughters death

Shall be expofed to ftranger nations:

What vollumes will be writ, what lybels fpred?

And in each lyne our ftate difhonoured.

*Fauk.* My Lord fpeakes to the purpofe, mary it may bee fo,  
Pray God it prooue not fo.

*Ley.* Heare me conclude, and there withall conclude,

It is an heynous and vnheard-of finne:

Queene *Elinor* daughter to Kingly Fraunce,

King *Henries* wife and royall *Henries* mother,

Is kept clofe prifoner for an acte of Iuftice,

Committed on an odious Concubine,

*Kim.* Thou wrongft her *Leifter*.

*Lei.* Leachers euer praife the caufe of their confufion, fhe

*Fau.* She was ill fpoken of it's true, true. (was vile

*Gloft.* Yonder fits one would doe as much for you

Old

110

120

130

140



called Looke about you.

Olde foole, young *Richard* hath a gift I know it,  
And on your wife my sifter would bestow it.  
Heer's a good world men hate adulterous fin,  
Count it a gulfe, and yet they needs will in.

*Lei.* What answere for the Queene?

*Lan.* The King replyes your words are foule flaunderous

*John.* His highnes sayes not so. (forgeryes.

*Lan.* His highnes doth,

Tels you its a shame for such wilde youth,

To smother any impiety,

150

With shew to chastice loose adulterie.

Say *Rosamond* was *Henries* Concubine,

Had neuer King a Concubine but he?

Did *Rosamond* begin the fires in Fraunce?

Made she the Northerne borders reeke with flames?

Vnpeopled she the townes of Picardy?

Left she the wiues of England husbandles?

O no: she finn'd I graunt, so doe we all,

She fell her selfe, desiring none should fall;

But *Elinor* whom you so much commend,

160

Hath been the bellowes of seditious fire,

Eyther through Iealious rage or mad desire;

Ist not a shame to thinke that she hath arm'd

Foure Sonnes right hands, against their fathers head,

And not the children of a low-priz'd wretch,

But one whom God on earth hath deified?

See where he sits with sorrow in his eyes,

Three of his Sonnes and hers tutor'd by her,

Smiles whilst he weeps, and with a proude disdaine,

Imbrace blith mirth, while his sad heart complaine.

170

*Fau.* Ha laugh they? nay by the rood that is not wel,  
Now fie young Princes fie.

*Hen.* Peace doting foole.

*John.* Be silent affe.

*Fau.* With all my heart my Lords, my humble leaue my  
Gods mother affe and foole for speaking truth, (Lords  
Tis terrible, but fare yee well my Lords.

*Rich.* Nay stay good *Faukenbridge*, impute it rage,

That

## A pleafant Commodity

That thus abufes your right reuerend age,  
My brothers are too hot.

180

*Fau.* Too hot indeed, foole, affe, for fpeaking truth?  
it's more than need.

*Rich.* Nay good Sir *Richard* at my kinde intreate  
For all the loue I beare your noble houle,  
Let not your abfence kindle further wrath,  
Each fide's at counfell now fit downe I pray,  
Ile quite it with the kindeft loue I may.

*Glo.* I to his wife.

*Fau.* Prince *Richard* Ile fit downe,  
But by the faith I owe fayre Englands Crowne,  
Had you not been I would haue left the place,  
My feruice merits not fo much difgrace.

190

*Ric.* Good *Faukenbridge* I thanke thee. *Go to their places.*

*Glo.* And you'l thinke of him, if you can ftep into his bower  
at Stepney.

*Fau.* Prince *Richard*'s very kinde, I know his kindenes,  
He loues me, but he loues my Lady better,  
No more, Ile watch him, Ile preuent his game,  
Young Lad, it's ill to halt before the lame.

*They breake a funder. Papers this while being offred and* 200  
*fubfcribed betweene eyther.*

*Hen.* Ile not fubfcribe to this indignity,  
Ile not be call'd a King but be a King;  
Allow me halfe the Realme, giue me the North,  
The Prouinces that lye beyond the Seas,  
Wales and the Ifles that compaffe in the mayne.

*Glo.* Nay giue him all and he will fcant be pleaf'd.

*Rich.* Brother you afke too much.

*John.* To much, too little, hee fhall haue that and more, I  
I will haue Nottingham and Salifbury, (fweare he fhall. 210  
Stafford and Darby, and fome other Earledome,  
Or by S. *John* (whose bleffed name I beare)  
Ile make thefe places like a wildernes.  
Ift not a plague, an horrible abufe,  
A King, a King of England, fhould be Father  
To foure fuch proper youths, as *Hall*, and *Dicke*,

called Looke about you.

My brother *Geffrey* and my proper selfe,  
And yet not giue his sonnes such maintenaunce,  
As he consumes among his minions.

*Rich.* Be more respectiue *John*.

220

*Io.* Respectiue *Richard*, are you turn'd pure? a changing we-  
I say it's reason *Henry* should be King, (ther-cocke?  
Thou Prince, I Duke, as *Ieffry* is a Duke.

*Lan.* What shall your Father doe?

*Jo.* Liue at his prayers, haue a sufficient pention by the yere,  
Repent his finnes because his end is neere.

*Glo.* A gracious sonne, a very gracious sonne.

*Kin.* Will this content you? I that haue sat still,  
Amaz'd to see my sonnes deuoyde of shame;  
To heare my subiects with rebellious tongues,  
Wound the kinde bosome of their Soueraigne,  
Can no more beare, but from a bleeding hart  
Deliuier all my loue, for all your hate:  
Will this content thee cruell *Elinor*?

230

Your sauage mother, my vnciuill Queene;  
The Tygresse that hath drunke the purple bloud,  
Of three times twenty thousand valiant men;  
Washing her red chaps, in the weeping teares,  
Of widdows, virgins, nurfes, sucking babes.  
And lastly sortd with her damn'd comforts,  
Entred a laborinth to murther loue.  
Will this content you? she shall be releast,  
That she may next seaze me she most enuyes.

240

*Hen.* Our mothers liberty is some content.

*Kin.* What else would *Henry* haue? *Hen.* The Kingdome.

*Kin.* Peruse this byll, draw neere let vs conferre.

*Job.* *Hall* be not answered but with Soueraignty,  
For glorious is the fway of Maiesty.

*Kin.* What would content you *John*?

*Job.* Fiue Earledomes Sir. *Kin.* What you sonne *Richard*? 250

*Ric.* Pardon gracious father, & th'furtheraunce for my vow  
For I haue sworne to God and all his Saints, (of penance  
These armes erected in rebellious brawles,  
Against my Father and my Soueraigne,

B

Shall

A pleafant Commodity,  
Shall fight the battles of the Lord of hoatts,  
In wrong'd Iudea and Paleftina,  
That fhall be Richards pennance for his pride,  
His bloud a fatisfaction for his finne,  
His patrimony, men, munition,  
And meanes to waft them into Siria.

260

*Kin.* Thou fhalt haue thy defire Heroyicke Sonne,  
As foone as other home-bred brawles are done.

*Lan.* Why weepes olde Faukenbridge?

*Fau.* I am almoft blind, to heare fons cruell, and the fathers  
Now well a neere that ere I liu'd to fee, (kinde,  
Such patience and fo much impiety.

*Glo.* Brother content thee this is but the firft,  
Worfe is a brewing, and yet not the worft.

*Lei.* You fhall not ftand to this. *Hen.* And why my Lord?

*Ley.* The lands of Moorton doth belong to Iohn.

270

*Hen.* What's that to me, by Acte of Parliament,  
If they be mine confirm'd, he muft be pleas'd.

*Iob.* Be pleas'd King puppet? haue I ftood for thee,  
Euen in the mouth of death? open'd my armes  
To fercle in feditious vgly fhape?

Shooke hands with duety, bad adew to vertue,  
Prophan'd all Maiefty in heauen and earth;

Writ in blacke Carracters on my white brow,  
The name of rebell Iohn againft his Father:

For thee, for thee, thou Otimie of honour,  
Thou worme of Maiefty, thou froth, thou puble.

280

Aud muft I now be pleas'd in peafe to ftand,  
While ftatutes make thee owner of my land?

*Glo.* Good pafstime good, now will the theeues fall out?

*Iob.* O if I doe, let me be neuer held  
Royall King Henryes fonne, pardon me father,  
Pull downe this rebell that hath done thee wrong.  
Dicke, come and leaue his fide, affayle him Lords,  
Let's haue no parly but with billes and fwoordes.

*Ki.* Peace Iohn, lay downe thy armes, heare Henry fpeake, 290  
He mindes thee no fuch wrong.

*Io.* He were not beft.

*Hen.* Why

called Looke about you.

*Hen.* Why hayre-brain'd brother can yee brooke no iest?  
I doe confirme you Earle of Nottingham.

*Io.* And Moorton too? *Hen.* I and Moorton too.

*Io.* Why so, now once more Ile fit downe by you.

*Glo.* Blow winde, the youngest of King Henries stocke,  
Would fitly serue to make a weather-cocke.

*Io.* Gape earth, challenge thine owne as Gloster lyes,  
Pitty such mucke is couer'd with the skies. 300

*Fau.* Be quiet good my Lords, the Kings commaund  
You should be quiet, and tis very meete,  
It's most conuenient, how say you Prince Richard?

*Rich.* It is indeed.

*Fa.* Why that is wisely said, you are a very kinde indifferent  
Mary a God and by my hollidame, (man,  
Were not I had a feeling in my head,  
Of some suspection twixt my wife and him,  
I should affect him more then all the world.

*Glo.* Take heede olde Richard, keep thee there mad lad, 310  
My Sister's faire, and beauty may turne bad.

*Enter Robert Hood a paper in his hand.*

*Officer.* Roome there, make roome for young Huntington.

*Fau.* A gallant youth, a proper Gentleman.

*Hen.* Richard I haue had wrong about his wardship.

*Ric.* You cannot right your selfe.

*Jo.* He can and shall.

*Ric.* Not with your help, but honourable youth  
Haue yee perform'd the busines I enioyn'd?

*Rob.* I haue, and Skinke is come, heere is his bill, 320

*Hen.* No matter for his bill let him come in.

*Kin.* Let him not enter, his infectious breath  
Will poyson the assembly.

*Gl.* Neuer doubt, ther's more infectious breaths about your  
Leyster is there, your enuious Sonnes is there; (Throne,  
If them you can endure, no poyson feare.

*Kin.* Content thee Gloster. (patient,

*Glo.* I must be content, when you that should mend all are

*Hen.* Welcome good Skinke thou iustly doest complaine,  
Thou standst in dread of death for Rosamond, 330

A pleasant Commodity,  
Whom thou didst poyson at our dread commaund,  
And the appointment of our gracious Mother ;  
See heere my Fathers hand vnto thy pardon.

*Skin.* I receiue it gratioufly, wishing his soule sweet peace,  
in heauen for so meritorious a worke, for I feare me I haue  
not his heart though his hand.

*Kin.* Be sure thou hast not, murderous bloud-fucker,  
To icialious enuy executioner.

*Hen.* Besides thou fuest to haue some maintenaunce,  
We haue bethought vs how wee will reward thee,  
Thou shalt haue Rowden Lordship.

340

*Gloft.* Shal he so? will you reward your murtherers with my

*Hen.* Your lands? it is our gift and he shall haue it. (lands

*Glo.* Ile giue him seafure first with this and this. *Strike him.*

*John.* Lay holde on *Gloster.*

*Kin.* Holde that murtherous *Skinke.*

*Glo.* Villaines hands off, I am a Prince, a Peere,  
And I haue borne disgrace while I can beare.

*Fau.* Knaues leaue your rudenes, how now brother  
*Gloster?* may be appeas'd, be patient brother.

350

*Rich.* Shift for thy selfe good *Skinke*, ther's golde, away :  
Heere will be parts.

*Skin.* Swonds Ile make one and stay.

*Job.* I prethee be gone since thus it falleth out,  
Take water, hence, away, thy life I doubt.

*Ski.* Well, farewell, get I once out of doore,

*Skinke* neuer will put trust in warrants more.

*Exit.*

*Kin.* Will *Gloster* not be bridled?

*Glo.* Yes my Liege and fadled too, and ryd, and spur'd, &  
Such misery (in your Raigne) falles your friends, (rayn'd, 360  
Let goe my armes, you dunghyls let me speake.

*Kin.* Wher's that knaue *Skinke*? I charge you see him stayd.

*Fauk.* The swift heel'd knaue is fled, body a me heer's rule,  
Heer's worke indeed.

*Kin.* Follow that *Skinke*, let priuy search be made,  
Let not one passe except he be well knowne,  
Let poastes be euery way sent speedily,  
For ten miles compasse round about the Citty.

*Hen.* Take

called Looke about you.

*Hen.* Take *Gloster to you* Liefetenant of the Tower,  
Keep him aside till we conferre a while, 370  
Father you must subscribe to his committing.

*Lan.* Why must he *Henry*? (lawes.

*Ley.* Mary for this cause, he hath broke peace and violated

*Glo.* So haue you all done, rebels as you be.

*Fau.* Good words good brother, heare me gracious Lords,

*Hen.* I prethee *Faukenbridge* be patient,  
*Gloster* must of force answere this contempt.

*Kin.* I will not yeeld he shall vnto the Tower,  
Warden of th'Fleete take you the charge of *Gloster*.

*Hen.* Why be it so, yet stay with him a while, 380  
Till we take order for the company  
That shall attend him, and resort to him.

*Glo.* Warden of the Fleete I see I am your charge,  
Befriend me thus, leaſt by theyr commaund,  
I be preuented of what I intend.

*Keep.* Commaund me any ſeruice in my power.

*Glo.* I pray you call ſome nimble footed fellow,  
To doe a meſſage for me to my ſiſter.

*Keep.* Call in *Redcap*, he waiteth with a Tipſtaffe, *Exit one*  
He ſtammers, but he's ſwift and truſty Sir. *for him.* 390

*Enter Redcap.*

*Glo.* No matter for his ſtammering, is this he?

*Red.* I I am am Re Redcap f f fir.

*Glo.* Run Redcap to Stepney.

*Red.* Ile be at Stepney p p preſently.

*Glo.* Nay ſtay, goe to the Lady *Faukenbridge* my ſiſter.

*Red.* The La La Lady *Fau Fau Faukenbreech*, I r r run fir.

*Glo.* But take thy errand, tell her I am priſoner,  
Committed to the Fleete.

*Red.* I am g g glad of th th that, my fa fa father the p p por- 400  
ter ſha ſhall ge ge get a f f fee by you. *Still runnes.*

*Glo.* Stand ſtill a while, deſire her to make meanes  
Vnto Prince Richard for my liberty,  
At thy returne (make ſpeed) I will reward thee.

*Red.* I am g g gone ſi fir.

*Rich.* Commend me to her gentle Huntington,

## A pleafant Commodity

Tell her in thefe affayres Ile ftand her friend,  
Her brother fhall not long be prifoner :  
Say I will vifit her immediatlie.  
Be gone sweete boy to Marian Faukenbridge,  
Thou lookeft like loue perfwade her to be louing.

410

*Ro.* So farre as honour will I will perfwade,  
Ile lay loues battery to her modeft eares,  
Second my milde affault, you may chaunce wiu,  
Fare parley at the leaft, may hap paffe in. *Exit.*

*Hen.* Heere take your charge, let no man fpeake with him,  
Except our felfe, our brethren, or Earle Leicefter.

*Fau.* Not I my Lord, may not I fpeake with him ?

*Hen.* Yes Faukenbridge thou fhalt.

*Jo.* And why ? he is his wiues brother.

420

*Fau.* Earle Iohn, although I be, I am true vnto the State, &

*Glo.* What, fhall I haue no feruant of my owne ? (fo is he.

*Hen.* No, but the houfholde feruants of the Fleete.

*Glo.* I thanke you kinfman King, your father knowes,  
Glofter may boldelie giue a bafe flauie blowes.

*Fau.* O but not heere, it was not well done heere.

*Kin.* Farewell good Glofter, you fhall heere from vs.

*Glo.* Euen what your Sonnes will fuffer you to fend ;  
Ift not a miferie to fee you ftand,  
That fome time was, the Monarch of this land,  
Intreating traytors for a fubiects freedome ?

430

*Lei.* Let him not fpeake, away with him to prifon.

*Glo.* Heer's like to be a well ftayd common wealth,  
Where in proude Leifter, and licentious Iohn,  
Are pillars for the King to leane vpon.

*Jo.* Wee'll heare your rayling Lecture in the Fleete.

*Hen.* On our difpleafure fee he fpeake no more.

*Glo.* On thy difpleafure, well yee haue me heere ;  
O that I were within my Fort of Bungye  
Whofe walles are wafht with the cleare ftreames of Aueney 440  
Then would not Glofter paffe a halfe-penny,  
For all thefe rebels, and their poore King too.  
Laught thou King Henry ? thou knows my words are true,  
God help thee good olde man, adew adew.

*Jo.* That



called Looke about you.

*Io.* That Castle shal be mine, where stands it Faukenbridge

*Fau.* Far from your reach sure, vnder Feckhill ridge.

Fiue hundred men (England hath few such wight)

Keeps it for Glosters vse both day and night :

But you may easily winne it, wantons words

Quickly can master men, tongues out brawle swords. 450

*Io.* Yee are an Idyot.

*Rich.* I prethee *John* forbear.

*Job.* What shall olde winter with his frosty iestes,  
Crosse flowry pleasure ?

*Fau.* I and nip you too, God mary mother I would tickle  
Were there no more in place but I and you. (you

*Kin.* Seafe these contentions, forward to the Tower,  
Release Queene Elinor, and leaue me there  
Your prisoner I am sure, if yee had power,  
Ther's nothing lets you but the Commons feare: 460  
Keep your State Lords, we will by water goe,  
Making the fresh Thames, salt with teares of woe.

*Hen.* And wee'll by land through the Citty ride,  
Making the people tremble at our pride. *Exeunt with Trum-*

*Enter Skinke solus* *pets two waies. Sc. iii*

*Skin.* Blacke Heath quoth he, and I were King of all Kent,  
I would giue it for a commodity 'of Apron-strings, to  
Be in my cottage agen. Princes warrants, mary Skinke  
Findes them as sure as an obligation seal'd with butter.  
At Kings Bridge I durst not enter a boate, through 470  
London the stones were fiery, I haue had a good  
Coole way through the fieldes, and in the high way  
To Ratcliffe stands a heater : Mile-end's couered with  
Who goes there. 'Tis for me sure; O Kent, O Kent,  
I would giue my part of all Christendome to feele  
Thee as I fee thee. If I goe forward I am stayd,  
If I goe backward, ther's a roge in a red cap, he's run  
From S. Iohnes after me : I were best stay heere,  
Least if he come with hue and cry, he stop me yonder,  
I would flip the collar for feare of the halter; 480  
But heere comes my runner, and if he run for me,  
His race dyes, he is as sure dead, as if a Parliament

Of

## A pleafant Commodity

Of Deuils had decreed it.

*Enter Redcap.*

*Red.* Ste Ste Stepney chi church yonder, but I haue forgot  
The La La Lady Fau Fau Fau plague on her,  
I mu muft b backe to the Fle Fle Fleete to kn kn know it.  
The la the la la Lady Fau, plague on't; G Glofter  
Will go ne neere to ft stab me, fo for forgetting  
My errand, he is fuch a ma ma mad Lord, the  
La Lady Fau Fau Fau.

490

*Skin.* Help me deuife, vpon my life this foole is fent  
From Glofter to his fifter *Marian*.

*Redc.* I m muft nee needs goe backe, the La Lady  
Fau Fau Fau.

*Skin.* God fpeed good fellow.

*Red.* Go go god fp fp fpeed you fir.

*Skin.* Why run'ft thou from me?

*Red.* Ma mary fir, I haue lo loft a La Ladyes name, and I am  
running ba backe to fe fe feeke it.

500

*Skin.* What Lady? I prethee ftay.

*Red.* Why the la Lady Fau Fau Fau.

*Skin.* Faukenbridge?

*Red.* I the ff fame, ff farewell, I th th thanke you ha hartily

*Skin.* If thou wouldft fpeake with her ſhe is in Kent,  
I ferue her, what's thy bufines with my Lady?

*Red.* I fh ſh ſhould doe an errand to her ff from my Lord  
Of Glofter, but a a and ſhe be in k Kent, Ile f fend it by you.

*Skin.* Where is my Lord?

*Red.* Mary p p prifoner in the Fl Fleete, a a and w would  
haue her fpeake to P Prince R Richard for his re re re-  
leafe.

*Skin.* I haue much bufines, hold ther's thy fare by water, my  
Lady lyes this night.

*Red.* Wh wh where I pray?

*Skin.* At Graueſend at the Angell.

*Red.* Tis deuillifh co co colde going by water.

*Skin.* Why there's my cloake and hat to keep thee warme,  
Thy cap and Ierkin will ferue me to ride in  
By the way, thou haſt winde and ty de, take Oares.

520

My

called Looke about you.

My Lady will reward thee royally.

*Red.* G God a mercy, f fa faith and euer th thou co co come to the Fl Fl Fleete, Ile giue the tu tu turning of the ke key f for n no nothing.

*Skin.* Hye thee, to morrow morning at Grauef-end Ile wafh thy ftammering throate with a mug of ale merrily.

*Red.* God be w with you till f foo foone; what call you the Lady? O now I re remember the La Lady Fa Faukenbridge at what f figne?

*Skin.* At the Angell.

530

*Red.* A Angell, the la la Lady fa fa Fau kenbridge, Fa Fau Faukenbridge.

*Skin.* Farewell and bee hang'd good ftammering ninny, I thinke I haue fet your Redcaps heeles a running, wold your Pyanet chattering humour could as fa fafely fe fet mee fr from the fearchers walkes. Yonder comes fome one, hem: Skink to your trickes this tytty tytty, a the tongue I belecue will faile mee.

*Enter Constable and Watch.*

*Con.* Come make vp to this fellow, let th' other go, he seems 540 a gentleman, what are you fir?

*Skin.* Would I had kept my owne fute, if the countenaunce carry it away.

*Con.* Stand firra, what are you?

*Skin.* The po po Porters Sonne of the F Fl Fleete, going to Stepney about bufineffe to the La La Lady Fa Fa Faukenbridge.

*Con.* Well bring him thether, fome two or three of yee honeft neyghbors, and fo backe to the Fleete, we'll shew our felues dilligent aboue other Officers.

550

*Skin.* Wh wh why le le let me run I am Re Redcap.

*Con.* Well, fure you shall now run no fafter then I lead you, heare yee neighbor Simmes, I leaue my staffe with yee, bee vigilant I pray you, search the fufpitious houfes at the townes end, this Skink's a trouncer; come, will you be gone fir?

*Skin.* Yes fir, and the deuill goe with you and them, Well, yet haue hope mad ha hart, co co come your way.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

A pleafant Commodity,

*Enters Robin hood and Blocke.*

*Sc. iv*

*Blo.* Sweet nobilitie in reuerfion, Blocke by the commiffion of his head, Coniures you and withall bindes you, by all the 561 tricks that pages paffe in time of Parliament, as fwearing to the pantable, crowning with Custords, paper whiffes to the fleepers nofes, cutting of tagges, ftealing of torches, *cum multis aliis* tell Blocke, what Blocke you haue caft in the way of my Ladies content.

*Ro.* Block by the antiquity of your anceftrie, I haue giuen your Lady not fo much as the leaft caufe of diflike, if fhe be defpleafed at any newes I bring, it's more then I muft blab.

*Blo.* Zounds thefe pages be fo proude, they care not for an 570 olde Seruingman, you are a ward and fo, an Earle, and no more: you difquiet our houfe that's the moft: and I may be euen with thee that's the leaft.

*Enter the Ladie Faukenbridge.*

*La.* What Blocke, what Blocke I fay what doe you there?

*Bloc.* Making the young Lord merry Maddame,

*La.* Go attend y gate, fee if you can let in more greife therat,

*Blo* Zounds and greife come in there, and I fee him once Ile Coniure his gaberdine.

*La.* will you be gone fir?

580

*Blo.* Hem, thefe women, thefe women, and fhe bee not in loue eyther with Prince Richard or this lad, let blocks head be made a chopping blocke.

*Exit Blocke.*

*Rob.* Faire Madam, what replye you to my fute,  
The prince excepts fmiles, welcomes, louing lookes,

*La.* The Prince, if he giue heed to Marrians fute,  
Muft heare heart-figh's, fee sorrow in my eyes,  
And finde cold welcome to calamities,

*Rob.* And why for gods fake? *La.* Euen for Glofters fake,

*Rob.* why by mine honnor, and Prince Richards faith, 590  
Your brother Glofter fhall haue liberty,  
Vppon condition you releafe a prifoner  
That you haue longe held in captiuitie.

*La.* I haue no prifoner,

*Ro.* Yes a world of eies, your beuty in a willing bondage ties

*La.* Go to, you are difpof'd to ielt my Lord,

*Rob.* In

called Looke about you.

*Rob.* In earnest I must be an earnest suter  
To you for loue, yet you must be my tuter.

*La.* Are you in loue? *Rob.* I dearely loue Prince Richard.

*La.* Then doe you loue the loueliest man aliu. 600  
The Princeliest person of King Henries sonnes,

*Rob.* I like this well.

*La.* he is vertuous in his minde. his body faire,  
His deeds are Iust, his speaches debonaire,

*Rob.* Better and better still.

*La.* In deed he is what no body can denye.  
All louely, beautie all, all Maiestie.

*Rob.* Ile tell his excellence what you reporte,  
No doubt he will be very thankfull, for't,

*La.* Nay heare you young Lord? Gods pittie staye. 610

*Rob.* What haue you more in Richards praise to say?

*La.* I haue said to much if you misconster me.  
Dutie bids praise him, not vnchastitie.

*Rob.* Vnchastitie holy heauens forfend it,  
That he or I, or you should once intend it,

*Enter Blocke and Richard.*

*Blo.* They are there fir, close at it, I leaue you fir, the more  
Roome the lesse company.

*Ric* Drinke that, farwell,

*Blo.* If that fir Richard comes, this ties, this bindes, 620  
O golde, thy power conuerteth seruants mindes. *Exit.*

*Rich.* How now faire Maddam who hath angred you?

*La.* Greife at my brothers duraunce angers me. (you

*Rich.* I had thought my Ward young Huntington had vext

*La.* who he? alas good Gentleman he wrong'd me not.  
No matter for all this, Ile tell your tale.

*A noyse within, Enter Skinke, Blocke, Constable.*

*Bls.* Sir there comes no more of you in with him then the  
Constable. Zounds heares a beadroll of Billes at the gate in-  
deed, back ye bafe 630

*La.* Now firra whats the matter?

*Blo.* Marry heares a flammerer taken clipping the Kings  
English, and the Constable and his watch hath brought  
him to you to be examin'd.

## A pleafant Commodity

*Confta.* No Madam wee are commaunded by the King to watch, and meeting this fellow at Mile-end, he tels vs, he is the Porters fonne of the Fleete, that the Earle of Glofter fent him to you.

*Skin.* I f f forfooth h he defire you to fpeake to the p Prince for him. 640

*La.* O I conceaue thee, bid him blithly fare,  
Beare him this Ring in token of my care.

*Skin.* If I be rid of this euill Angell that haunts mee, many rings, much Fleete will Skinke come vnto.

*Con.* Madam, if you know this fellow we'll difcharge him.

*Bloc.* Madam, and you be wife, trust your honeft neighbors heere, let them bring this ca ca ca ca to the Fleete, and f fee your ring deliuered.

*Skin.* A plague vpon you for a damned roge,  
The Porter of the Fleete will furely know me. 650

*La.* Good neighbours bring this honeft fellow thether,  
Ther's for his paines a crowne, if he fay true,  
And for your labour ther's as much for you.

*Skin.* Why Ma Ma Madam, I am Re Re Redcap the Porters fonne.

*La.* Thou haft no wrong in this, farewell good fellow.

*Skin.* Befte fpeaking to Prince Richard? no Ile try  
And face out Redcap if the flaue were by.

*La.* Make them drinke Blocke.

*Blo.* Come to the Buttery bar, flitty flitty ftammerer, come 660  
honeft Conftable, hey the watch of our towne, we'll drinke trylill I faith.

*As they goe out, enters Sir Richard Faukenbridge stealing forward,*

*Prince and Lady talking.*

*Rob.* *Lupus in fabula* my Noble Lord,  
See the olde foxe Sir Richard Faukenbridge.

*Rich.* We'll fit him well enough, fecond vs Robin.

*La.* Ile fit you well enough for all your hope, *Fau. beckens*

*Fau.* Leaue quaffing firra, liften to their talke. *to Blocke.*

*Bloc.* O while you liue beware, two are fooner feene then 670  
one: beides, beare a braine Mafter, if Block fhould be now  
fpide, my Madam would not trust this fconce neither in  
time

called Looke about you.

time nor tyde.

*Fau.* Well leaue me, now it buds; fee fee, they kisse.

*Bloc.* Adew good olde finner, you may recouer it with a  
fallet of parfly, and the hearbe patience, if not fir you knowe  
the worst, it's but euen this.

*Rich.* Madam, what you desire I not deny,  
But promise Glosters life and liberty,  
I beg but loue.

680

*Fau.* When doth she giue her almes?

*La.* Faire honourable Prince.

*Fau.* Nay then they speed.

*La.* My foule hath your deserts in good esteeme.

*Fau.* Witnesse these goodly times that grace my head.

*La.* But were you the sole Monarch of the earth,  
Your power were insufficient to inuade,  
My neuer yeelding heart of chastity.

*Fauk.* Sayst thou so Mall, I promise thee for this,  
Ile owe thy cherry lips an olde mans kisse;  
Looke how my Cockerill droopes, tis no matter,  
I like it best when women will not flatter.

690

*Rich.* Nay but sweet Lady.

*Rob.* Nay but gracious Lord, doe not so much forget your  
Princely worth,

As to attempt vertue to vnchastity.

*Fau.* O noble youth!

*Rob.* Let not the Ladyes dead grieve for her brother,  
Giue life to shamelesse and detested finne.

*Fau.* Sweet childe.

700

*Ro.* Consider that she is of high decent.

*Fau.* Most vertuous Earle.

*Rob.* Wife to the noblest Knight that euer breath'd.

*Fau.* Now blessing on thee blessed Huntington.

*Rob.* And would you then first staine your Princely stocke,  
Wrong beauty, vertue, honor, chastitye,  
And blemmish Faukenbridges vntaynted armes?

*Fau.* By adding hornes vnto our Falcones head,  
Well thought on noble youth, twas well put in.

*La.* Besides my gracious Lord.

710

*Fau.* Tickle

## A pleafant Commodity

*Fa.* Tickle him Mall, plague him on that fide for his hot  
*La.* how euer secretly great Princes fin, desire.

*Fau.* Oh now the fpring ſhe'll doe it ſecretly.

*La.* The King of all harts will haue all ſyns knowne.

*Fa.* Ah then ſhe yeilds not.

*Ric.* Lady heer's my hand, I did but try your honorable faith

*Fau.* He did but trie her, would ſhe haue bin tride

It had grone hard on this and on this fide.

*Rich.* And ſince I ſee your vertue ſo confirm'd,

as vice can haue no entraunce in your heart,

720

I vow in fight of heauen neuer againe,

To moue like queſtion but for loue,

*Fau.* My hart is eaſed, holde Blocke take vp my cloake.

*Blo.* And your cap to fir.

*Ric.* Sir Richard?

*Fau.* What ſweet Prince welcome yfaith,

I ſee youth quickly get's the ſtarte of age;

But welcome welcome and young Huntington.

Sweet Robyn hude, honors beſt flowring bloome,

Welcome to Faukenbridge with all my hearte,

730

How cheares my loue, how fares my Marrian, ha?

Be merry chucke, and Prince Richard welcome,

Let it goe Mall I knowe thy greuances.

Away away, tut let it paſſe ſweet girle,

Wee needs muſt haue his helpe about the Earle.

*La.* Let it not be delayd deere Faukenbridge.

*Rich.* Sir Richard, firſt make ſute vnto my father,

Ile follow you to Courte and ſecond you,

*Fau.* Follow to Court, ha? then I ſmell a rat,

Its probable he'll haue about agayne,

740

Long ſeige makes entraunce to the ſtrongest fort,

It muſt not be I muſt not leaue him heere,

Prince Richard, if you loue my brothers good,

Lets ride back to the Courte, Ile wayte on you,

*Rich.* He's Ieliouſ, but I muſt obſerue the tyme,

We'll ride vnto the Court, Ile leaue my boy

Till we returne, are you agreed to this?

*Fau.* Oh I



called Looke about you.

*Fau.* Oh I hee is an honourable youth.  
Vertuuous and modest, Huntingtons right heyre.  
His father Gilbert was the smoothst fac't Lord 750  
That ere bare Armes in England or in Fraunce,

*Rich.* Solicitie Robin, Lady giue good eare,  
And of your brothers freedome neuer feare,

*Fau.* Marrian farwell, wheres Blocke? open the gate,  
Come Prince God fend vs to proue fortunate? *Exeunt.*

*La.* why doe you stay fir?

*Rob.* Madam as a Lidger to folicite for your absent loue

*La.* Walk in the Garden I will follow you.  
Ifaith Ifaith you are a noble wagge.

*Rob.* An honorable wag, and wagish Earle. 760  
Euen what you will sweet Lady I must beare,  
Hoping of patience, profit will ensue.

That you will beare the Prince as I beare you.

*La.* Well said well said, Ile haue these toyes amended,  
Goe, will you walke into the Garden fir,

*Rob.* But will you promise me to bring no maides,  
To set vppon my litle manship there?

You threatned whipping, and I am in feare,

*La.* Vppon my word Ile bring none but my selfe,

*Rob.* You see I am weapned, doe not I beseech you, 770  
Ile stab them come there twenty ere they breech mee. *Exit.*

*La.* This youth and Richard, think me easily wonne,  
But Marrian rather will embrace,

The bony carcasse of dismaying death,

Than proue vnchast to Noble Faukenbridge.

Richard's king Henries sonne, is light,

Wanton and loues not humble modestie,

Which makes me (much contrary to my thoughts)

Flatter his humor for my brothers safetie,

But I protest Ile dwel among the dead, 780

Ere I pollute my sacred nuptiall bed. *Exit.*

*Enter Gloster in his gowne, calling*

*Glo.* Porter what Porter wher's this drowfie asse? *Sc. v*

*Enter Porter,*

*Por.* Who calles? my Lord of Gloster all alone?

*Glo.* Alone

A pleafant Commodity,

*Glo.* Alone and haue your wifdomes companie,  
Pray wher's the flammering chatterer your fonne?  
He's euer running but he makes fmall hafte,  
Ile bring his lyther legges in better frame,  
And if he ferue me thus a nother time. *Knocke within.* 790  
Harke fir your clients knocke, and't be your pye,  
Let him vouchfafe to chatter vs fome newes,  
Tell him we daunce attendance in our chamber. *Exit porter.*  
This Iohn and Henry are fo full of hate,  
That they will haue my head by fome deuice,  
Glofter hath plotted meanes for an efcape,  
And if it fadge, why fo; if not, then well,  
The way to heauen is death, this life's a hell.

*Enter Porter and Skink.*

*Port.* Why fhould the Watchmen come along with thee? 800

*Skin.* Ther's fuch a que question for yon f fame r rogue  
Skink p plague keepe farre enough from him, that a an ho-  
neft f fellow ca cannot w w walke the ftreetes.

*Port.* Well fir difpatch your bufines with the Earle,  
He's angry at your ftay I tell ye that. *Exit.*

*Skin.* Sbloud what a frowne this Glofter caftes at me,  
I hope he meanes to lend me no more cuffes,  
Such as he paide me at the Parliament.

*Glo.* What mutter you, what tydings from my fifter?

*Ski.* Co commendations and f fhe hath f fent ye this r ring. 810

*Glo.* Hold ther's two Angels, fhut the chamber doore,  
You muft about fome bufines for me ftrayght;  
Come nearer man,

*Skin.* I feare I am to neare,

*Glo.* Haft thou no tydings for my liberty?

*Skin.* No b but ye fh fhall he heare f from her p p prefently.

*Glo.* And p prefently fir off with your coate.

Nay quicke, vncafe, I am bold to borrow it,  
Ile leaue my gowne, change is no robbery.  
Stutterer it's fo, neare flinch, ye cannot paffe,  
Cry, and by heauen Ile cut thy cowards throate,  
Quickly calhyre your felfe, you fee me ftaye,

820

*Skin.* N n nay, b b but wh wh what m meane ye?

*Glo.* To

called Looke about you.

*Glo.* To scape I hope, fir with your priuiledge,  
How now, who's this, my fine familliar Skinke?  
Queene Beldams minnion,

*Skin.* Zounds you see ti's I.

*Glo.* Tyme fortes not now to know these misteries.  
How thou camst by this ring, or stol't this coate,  
They are mine now in possession, for which kindenes 830  
If I escape Ile get thee Libertie,  
Or fire the fleete about the Wardens eares,  
Mum budgit not a word as thou louest thy life,

*Skin.* I mum mum faire, pray God may chaunce it,  
My Lord, but that my state is desperate,  
Ide see your eyes out eare I would be cheated.

*Glo.* Walke like an Earle villaine some are comming.

*Enter John and Porter.*

*Io.* Where is this Gloster?

*Glo.* Y y yonder he walks. Fa fa father, l let me out. 840

*Port.* Why whether must you now?

*Glo.* To Ie Iericho I th thinke, tis such a h h humorous Earle.

*Port.* Well fir wilt please you hasten home againe.

*Glo.* I Ile be h heare in a trice; b but p praye haue ca care of  
th this madcap, if he g giue vs the f f flip, f f some of vs a are  
like to m make a fl fl flyppery occupation on't.

*This while John walkes and stalkes by Skinke, neuer a word  
betwene them.*

*Port.* Looke to your busines fir let me alone.

*Glo.* Alone? neuer trust me if I trouble thee. 850

*Io.* Mad Gloster mute, all mirth turn'd to dispaire?

Why now you see what tis to crosse a King,  
Deale against Princes of the Royall blood,  
Youle snarle and rayle, but now your tounge is bedry'd,  
Come caper hay, set all at fix and seauen,  
What musest thou with thought of hell or heauen?

*Skin.* Of neither Iohn I muse at my disgrace,  
That I am thus kept prifoner in this place.

*Io.* O fir, a number are here prifoners,  
My Cousen Moorton whome I came to visite, 860  
But he good man is at his morrow masse.

D

But I

A pleasant Commodity,

But I that neither care to fay nor fing,  
Come to seeke that preaching hate and prayer,  
And while they mumble vp their Orifons,  
We'll play a game at bowles, what saist thou Gloster?

*Skin.* I care not if I doe, (our sportes,

*Joh.* You doe not care, Let olde men care for graues, we for  
Off with your gowne, there lies my hatt and Cloake,  
The bowles there quickly, hoe?

*Skin.* No my gowne stirres not, it keeps sorrowe warme, 870  
And she, and I am not to be deuorced,

*Enter Porter with bowles.*

*Joh.* Yes ther's an axe must part your head and you,  
And with your head, sorrowe will leaue your heart.  
But come shall I begin? a pound a game,

*Skin.* More pounds and we thus heauy? well begin.

*Ioh.* Rub rub rub rub.

*Skin.* Amen God send it short enough, and mee  
A safe running with them clothes from thee.

*Ioh.* Play Robin, run run run.

880

*Skin.* Far enough and well, flye one foote more,  
Would I were halfe so far without the doore.

*Enter Porter.*

*Ioh.* Now Porter whats the newes?

*Por.* Your Cooffen Moorton humbly craues,  
Leauing your game, you would come visit him,

*Io.* Bowle Gloster Ile come presently.  
So neere mad Robin? then haue after you,

*Skin.* Would I were gone, make after as you may,

*Io.* Well fir tis yours, one all, throw but the Iacke 890  
While I goe talke with Moorton: Ile not stay,  
Keepe Cloake and hat in pawne Ile hould out play,

*Skin.* I would be sory Iohn but you should stay,  
Vntill my bias run another way,  
Now passe, and hey passe, Skink vnto your tricks,  
Tis but a chaunce at hazard: there lyes Gloster,  
and heare stands Skinke, now Iohn play thou thy part,  
And if I scape Ile loue thee with my heart.  
So porter let me forth.

*Enter Porter.*

*Por.* God 900

called Looke about you.

*Po.* God bleſſe your grace, ye ſpoke with the L. Moorton.

*Skin.* I haue and muſt about his buſines to the Courte.

It greeues me to break my ſporte with Gloſter,  
The melancholy Earle is comfortleſſe,

*Po.* I wold your grace would comfort him from hence,  
The Fleet is weary of his company, *Redcap knocks.*

*Skin.* Drink that, ſome knockes, I prethee let me out.  
His head ſhall off ere long, neuer make doubt. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Iohn at the other doore.*

*Jo.* Now madcap thou winſt all, wher art thou Robyn? 910  
Vncaſed: nay then he meanes to play in earneſt.

But whers my Cloake, my rapier, and my hatt?

I holde my birth-right to a beggers ſcrip,

The baſterd is eſcaped in my cloathes.

Tis well, he left me his to walke the ſtreets,

Ile fire the Citty but Ile finde him out,

Perchaunce he hides himſelfe to try my ſpleene,

Ile to his chamber, Gloſter? hallo Gloſter? *Exit.*

*Enter Porter and Redcap.*

*Por.* I wonder how thou camſt ſo ſtrangly chang'd? 920  
Tis not an hower ſince thou wents from hence,

*Red.* By my Ch Ch Chriſtendome I ha haue not b b been h  
heere this three nights, a p p plage of him, that made me ſuch  
a ch chaunting, and ſ ſ ſent me ſuch a Ia Ia Iaunt, blud I was ſt  
ſtayd for Skinke, that ill fa fa fac'd rogue,

*Port.* I pray God there be no practiſe in this change.  
Now I remember theſe are Skinkes cloathes,  
That he wore laſt day, at the Parlament,

*Knocke, Enter at another doore, Iohn in Gloſters gowne.*

*Io.* Porter? you Porter? 930

*Por.* Doe you not heare them knock, you muſt ſtay fir,

*Io.* Bloud I could eate theſe rogues.

*Red.* Wh wh what raw, tis a very harſh mo morfell,  
Ne next your he heart

*Io.* A plague vpon your Iaunts, what porter ſlaue?

*Red.* I haue been at g graueſend fir.

*Io.* What's that to me?

*Red.* And at Ca Ca Canterbury.

# A pleafant Commodity,

*Jo.* And at the gallows: zounds this frets my foule.

*Red.* But I c could not f finde your f f filter the La Lady Fau 940  
Faukenbridge.

*Jo.* You ftammering flaue hence, chat among your Dawes,  
Come ye to mad me? while the rogue your father.

*Enter Porter.*

*Red.* My f fa father.

*Jo.* Porter? you damned flaue.

*Port.* Ift Midfomer doe you begin to raue?

*Job.* Harke how the traytor flouts me to my teeth.  
I would intreat your knaueſhip let me forth,  
For feare I daſh your branes out with the keyes, 950  
What is become of Gloſter and my garments?

*Por.* Alas in your apparrell Gloſters gone,  
I let him out, euen now I am vndone,

*Job.* It was your practiſe, and to keepe me backe  
You ſent Iacke Daw your ſonne with ca ca ca,  
To tell a fleueles tale: lay hould on him,  
To Newgate with him and you tut atut,  
Run redcap and trudge about,  
Or bid your fathers portership farwell. *Exeunt with Porter.*

*Red.* He heares a go good Ie Ie Ieſt by the L Lord to mo 960  
mocke an ape with all: my fa fa father has brought his ho ho  
hoges to a fa fa faire m m market. Po po porter quoth you?  
p po porter that will for me, and I po po porter it, let them  
po po poſt me to heauen in this qua quarter. But I muſt  
f f feeke this Gl Gl Gloſter and Sk Sk Skinke that co cony  
catching ra ra rafcall, a pa pa plague co co confound him, Re  
re redcap muſt ru run he cannot tell whe whether. *Exit*

*Sound Trumpets, Enter Henry the younger, on one hand of him Sc. vi*  
*Queene Elinor, on the other Leyceſter.*

*Hen.* Mother and Leyceſter adde not oyle to fire. 970  
Wrath's kindled with a word, and cannot heare  
The number leſſe perſwaſions you infort,

*Quee.* O but my ſonne thy father fauours him.  
Richard that vile abortiue changling brat,  
And Faukenbridge, are fallen at Henries feete.

They

called Looke about you.

They wooe for him, but intreat my sonne  
Gloster may dye for this that he hath done,

*Leic.* If Gloster liue thou wilt be ouerthrowne,

*Quee.* If Gloster liue thy mother dies in moane,

*Ley.* If Gloster liue Leyster will flie the realme, 980

*Quee.* If Gloster liue thy kingdome's but a dreame,

*Hen.* Haue I not sworne by that eternall arme

That puts iust vengeance sword in Monarcks hands,  
Gloster shall die for his presumption?

What needs more coniuration gracious Mother?

And honorable Leyster marke my words.

I haue a Bedrole of some threescore Lords,

Of Glosters faction,

*Quee.* Nay of Henries faction.

Of thy false fathers faction, speake the truth, 990

He is the head of factions; were he downe:

Peace, plenty, glory will impale thy crowne.

*Ley.* I ther's the But; whose hart-white if we hit,

The game is our's. Well we may rage and roue,

At Gloster, Lancaster, Chester, Faukenbridge,

But he is the vphlot.

*Quee.* Yet begin with Gloster.

*Hen.* The destenies run to the booke of Fates,

And read in neuer-changing Characters

Robert of Glosters end, he dies to day, 1000

So fate, so heauen, so doth King Henry say.

*Quee.* Emperially refoul'd. *Trumpets far off,*

*Leic.* The olde King comes,

*Quee.* Then comes Luxurious lust,  
The King of Concubines, the King that scornes

The vndefiled, chaste and numptiall bed,

The King that hath his Queene Imprisoned.

For my sake scorne him, sonne call him not father,

Giue him the stile of a competitor,

*Hen.* Pride seaze vppon my heart, wrath fill myne eyes, 1010

Sit lawfull maiestie vppon my front

Dutie flie from me, pittie bee exild,

Sences forget that I am Henries child,

A pleafant Commodity

*Quee* I kiffe thee, and I bleffe thee, for this thought.

*Enter King, Lancafter, Richard, Faukenbridge.*

*Kin.* O Lancafter bid Henry yeeld fome reafon  
Why he defires fo much the death of Glofter,

*Hen.* I heare thee Henry, and I thus reply.

I doe defire the death of Bafterd Glofter,  
For that he fpende the Treafure of the Crowne.

1020

I doe defire the death of bafterd Glofter,  
For that he doth defire to pull me downe.

Or were this falfe (I purpofe to be plaine)

He loues thee, and for that I him difdaine.

*Hen.* Therin thou fheweft a hate-corrupted mynde,  
To him the more vniuft, to me vnkynd,

*Quee* He loues you as his father lou'd his mother.

*Kin.* Fie, fie vpon thee hatefull Elinor.

I thought thou hadft been long fince fcarlet dyde,

*Hen.* She is and therefore cannot change her colour.

1030

*Rich.* You are to ftrickt, Earle Glofters fault  
Merrits not death,

*Fau.* By th'rood the Prince faies true.

Heere is a statute from the Confeffor,

*Hen.* The Confeffor was but a fimple foole.

Away with bookes my word fhall be a lawe,  
England her breath fhall from this bofome drawe,  
Glofter fhall die,

*Ley.* Let Glofter dye the death. (him and thee.

*Lan.* Leyfter he fhall not, he fhall haue lawe, difpight of 1040

*Hen.* What law, will you be Traitors? whats the lawe?

*Ric.* His right handes loffe, and that is fuch a loffe,  
As England may lament, all Chriftians weepe.

That hand hath bin aduanft againft the Moores,

Driven out the Sarafins from Gads and Cicile,

Fought fifteene Battels vnder Chrifts red croffe,

And is it not (thinke you) a greeuious loffe,

That for a flauie (and for no other harme)

It fhould be fundred from his Princely Arme?

*Fau.* More for example Noble Lancafter, but tis great pittie, 1050  
To to great a pittie.

*Hen.* Ile



called Looke about you.

*He.* Ile haue his hand & head. *Ri.* Thou shalt haue mine thẽ.

*Que.* Wel sayd stubberne Dicke, Iack wold not ferue me so,  
Were the boy heere :

*Ric.* Both Iohn and I haue seru'd your will too long;  
Mother repent your cruelty and wrong:  
Gloster you know is ful of mirth and glee,  
And neuer else did your grace iniury.

*Qu.* Gloster shal dye. *He.* Fetch him heere Ile see him dead.

*Ric.* He that sturs for him shall lay downe his head. 1060

*Fau.* O quiet good my Lords, patience I pray,  
I thinke he comes vnfent for by my fay.

*Enter Iohn in Glosters gowne.*

*Ric.* What meanst thou Gloster? *He.* Who brought Gloster

*Io.* Let Gloster hang and them that (hyther?  
There lyes his case, a mischiefe on his carkaffe.

*Qu.* My deare sonne Iacke? (your asse, your gull.

*Jo.* Your deere son Iack an apes, your mōkey, your babone,

*Ley.* What ayles Earle Iohn? *Jo.* Hence further frō my fight,  
My fiery thoughts and wrath haue worke in hand; 1070

Ile curse ye blacker then the Leuarnian Lake,

If you stand wondring at my sorrow thus;

I am with childe, big, hugely swolne with rage;

Who'll play the Midwife, and my throbs awgae?

*Kin.* I will my Sonne. *Hen.* I will high harted brother.

*Io.* You will, and you, tut, tut all you are nothing,  
Twill out, twill out, my selfe my selfe can ease:

You chafe, you swell, ye are commaunding King,

My father is your foote stoole when he please,

Your word's a law, these Lordes dare neuer speake, 1080

Gloster must dye, your enemies must fall.

*Hen.* What meanes our brother?

*Job.* He meanes that thou art mad shee franticke, Leyster  
I the babe, these grinde vs, bite vs, vexes vs, charge, (foolish  
And discharge, Gloster, O Gloster!

*Que.* Where is Gloster sonne? *Hen.* Where is Glo. brother?

*Kin.* I hope he be escaped.

*Io.* O I could teare my hayre, & falling thus vp the  
Solide earth, dig into Glosters graue, so he were dead  
And gone into the depth of vnder worlds.

Or 1090

## A pleafant Commodity

Or get feditious hundreth thoufand hands,  
And like Briareus, battle with the Starres,  
To pull him downe from heauen if he were there,

*Fau.* Looke to Earle Iohn the Gentleman is mad.

*Io.* O who would not be mad at this difgrace?

Glofter the fox is fled, there lies his cafe,

He coufned me of myne, the porter helpt him,

*Hen.* The porter fhall be hangd let's part and feeke him,  
Glofter fhall dye all Europe fhall not faue him.

*Jo.* He is wife, too wife for vs, yet Ile goe with you, 1100  
To get more fooles into my company.

*Quee.* This is your fathers plot, reuenge it fonne.

*Hen.* Father by heauen if this were your aduice,  
Your head or heart fhall pay the bitter price,  
Come mother, Brother, Leyfter, lets away,

*Jo.* I, Ile be one, in hope to meete the bafterd,  
And then no more my felfe will be his headfman. *Exeunt.*

*Kin.* Richard and Faukenbridge follow the fearch,  
You may preuent mifchaunce by meeting Glofter,  
If ye finde Skinke fee that you apprehend him, 1110  
I heare there is a wizard at blacke heath,  
Let fome enquire of him where Skinke remaynes,  
Although I trust not to thofe fallacies,  
Yet now and then fuch men prooue Soothfayers.  
Will you be gone?

*Fau.* Withall my heart, withall my heart my Lord,  
Come Princly Richard, we are ever yoak'd.  
Pray God there be no miftery in this,

*Rich.* Be not fufpitious where there is no caufe,

*Fau.* Nay nothing, nothing, I am but in ieft. *Exeunt.* 1120

*Kin.* Call in a Pnrfeuant.

*Lan.* Heares one my Leidge,

*Kin.* There is a Porter likely to be hangd,  
For letting Glofter scape, firra attend,  
You fhall haue a reprieue to bring him vs,  
Thefe boys are to to ftubborne Lancafter,  
But tis theyr mothers fault, if thus fhe moue me,  
Ile haue her head though all the world reprove me. *Exeuntt.*

*Enter*

called Looke about you.

*Enter Robin Hood and Lady Faukenbridge.*

Sc. vii

*La.* Doe not deny me gentle Huntington.

*Rob.* My Lord will misse me.

1131

*La.* Tut let me excuse thee.

*Rob.* Turne woman, O it is intollerable!

Except you promise me to play the Page:

Doe that, try one night, and you'l laugh for euer,

To heare the Orizons that Louers vse;

Their ceremonious fighes, their idle oathes,

To heare how you are praif'd and pray'd vnto,

For you are Richards Saint, they talke of Mary

The blessed Virgin, but vpon his beades

1140

He onely prayes to Marian Faukenbridge.

*La.* The more his error, but will you agree  
To be the Lady Faukenbridge one day?

*Rob.* When ist?

*La.* On Munday.

*Rob.* Wherefore ist?

*La.* Nay then you doe me wrong with inquisition.

And yet I care not greatly if I tell thee.

Thou see'st my husband full of iealousie;

Prince Richard in his sute importunate,

1150

My brother Gloster threatned by young Henry;

To cleare these doubtles, I will in some disguise,

Goe to blacke Heath vnto the holy Hermit,

Whose wisedome in fore-telling things to come,

Will let me see the issue of my cares.

If destinyes ordaine me happines,

Ile chase these mistes of sorrow from my heart,

With the bright Sunne of mirth: if fate agree,

It, and my frends, must suffer misery,

Yet Ile be merry too, till mischeefe come.

1160

onely I long to knowe the worst of ill.

*Rob.* Ile once put on a scarlet countenance.

*La.* Be wary least ye be discouered Robyn.

*Rob.* Best paint me then, be sure I shall not blush.

*Enter Black bleeding, Gloster with him.*

*Blo.* Beate an Officer, Redcap Ile haue ye talkt withall,

E

Beate

## A pleafant Commodity

Beate Sir Richards Porter? help Madam, help,

*Glo.* Peace you damned rogue.

*La.* Brother I pray you forbear.

*Glo.* Zwonds a hundreth at my heales almoſt,  
And yet the villaine ſtands on complaiment.

1170

*Bloc.* A bots one you, iſt you?

*Glo.* Will you to the doore you foole? and bar the gate,  
Holde ther's an angell for your broaken pate;  
If any knocke let them not in in haſte.

*Bloc.* Well Ile doe as I ſee cauſe, blood thou art deare to  
me, but heere's a ſoueraigne plaifter for the fore: golde hea-  
leth wounds, golde eaſeth heartes: what can a man haue  
more?

*Exit.*

*La.* Deare brother, tell vs how you made eſcape?

1180

*Glo.* You ſee I am heare, but if you would knowe how:  
I cannot ſcape and tell the manner too,  
By this I knowe your howſe is compaſſed  
With hel-hound ſearch.

*La.* Brother Ile furniſh you with beard & hayre, and  
Garments like my husband, how like you that? *Exit. Lady*

*Glo.* Well, when I haue them: quickly then diſpatch: sblood  
turne gray beard and hayre?

Robyn conceale, this dyeteth my minde,  
Myrth is the obiect of my humorous ſpleane,  
Thou high commaunding furie! further deuice,  
Ieſts are conceated, I long to ſee their birth,  
What come ye fiſter? Robyn a theeues hand,  
But prethee where hadſt thou this beard and haire?

1190

*La.* Prince Richard wore them hether in a maſke,

*Glo.* Saiſt thou me ſo, faith loue the Princely youth,  
Tut you muſt taſt ſtolne pleaſure now and than,

*Rob.* But if ſhe ſteale and Ielious eyes eſpie:  
She will be ſure condemnd of Burglary,

*Glo.* Ha crake? can your low ſtumps venter ſo deep  
Into affections ſtreame? go to you wanton.  
What want we now? my nightcap, O tis heare,  
So now no Gloſter, but olde Faukenbridge,

1200

called Looke about you.  
Harke, the search knockes, ile let them in my felfe;  
Welcome good fellowe; ha, what ift you lacke?

*Enter Redcap with another.*

*Red.* Ma master Co constable, se se search you th that way,  
a and you ho honest man th that way. Ile ru run th this way  
m my owne se felfe. *They dispearfe themselves.*

*Glo.* What search you for? what is it you would haue? 1210

*Enter Blocke.*

*Blo.* Madam, what shall I doe to these browne-bill fel-  
lowes? some runne into the wine feller, some heere, some  
there.

*Glo.* Let them alone, let them search their filles.

*Block.* Ile looke to their fingers for all that.

*Glo.* Doe so good Blocke, be carefull honest Blocke.

*B.* Sir stammerer & your wa watch, y'are pa past ifaith. *Exit*

*Gl.* Will you not speake knaues, tel me who you seeke?

*Red.* Ma mary sir we f seeke a va va vacabond, a fu fugatiue. 1220  
my La Ladies owne b brother; but and hee were the po po  
Popes owne b brother, I would f search f f for him; for I haue  
a p poore father r ready to be ha ha hang'd f f for him.

*Glo.* O tis for Gloster! mary search a gods name,  
Seeke peace, will he breake prifon too?

It's pittie he should liue, nay I defye him.

Come looke about, search euery little corner,

My felfe will lead the way, pray you come,

Seeke, seeke, and spare not, though it be labour lost:

He comes not vnder my rooffe, heare ye wife,

He comes not hyther, take it for a warning. 1230

*Red.* You fp fp speake like an honest ge ge Gentleman, re re  
rest you me me mery, co co come my f f friends, I be beleewe  
h h he r ran by the g g garden w wall toward the wa water  
fide.

*Exeunt running.*

*Glo.* This fellow is of the humour I would chuse my wife,  
Few words and many paces, a word and a way, and so  
Must I: Sister adieu, pray you for me, Ile do the like for you.  
Robin farewell, commend me to the Prince.

*La.* Can ye not stay heere safe?

E 2

*Glo.* No, 1240

## A pleafant Commodity

*Glo.* No, Ile not trust the changing humours of olde Fauken-  
 Adieu yong Earle, Sifter lets kisse and part; (bridge,  
 Tush, neere mourne, I haue a merry hart. *Exit.*

*La.* Farewell all comfort.

*Ro.* What weeping Lady?

Then I perceiue you haue forgot Blacke-heath.

*La.* No, there Ile learne both of his life and death.

*Ro.* Till Munday Madam I must take my leaue.

*La.* You will not misse then:

*Rob.* Nay, if Robin faile yee, let him haue neuer fauour of 1250  
 faire Lady.

*La.* Meane while Ile spend my time in prayers & teares,  
 That Gloster may escape these threatned feares. *Exit.*

*Enter Skinke like Prince John.*

*Sc. viii*

*Skin.* Thus iets my noble Skinke along the streetes,  
 To whom each bonnet vailles, and all knees bend;  
 And yet my noble humour is too light,  
 By the fixe shillings: heere are two crackt groates  
 To helter skelter, at some vawting house.  
 But who comes yonder? ha, olde Faukenbridge?  
 Hath a braue chaine, were Iohn and he good friends,  
 That chaine were mine, and should vnto Black-heath.  
 Ile venture, it's but tryal, lucke may fall.  
 Good morrow good fir Richard Faukenbridge.

1260

*Fau.* Good morrow my sweet Prince, harty good morrow,  
 This greeting wel becomes vs, marry does it;  
 Betteriwis then strife and Iangling.  
 Now can I loue ye, wil ye to the Shiriffes?  
 Your brother Richard hath beene there this houre.

*Skin.* Yes I am plodding forward as you doe;  
 What cost your chaine? it's passing strongly wrought,  
 I would my Golde-smith had a patterne of it.

1270

*Fau.* Tis at your graces seruice, shew it him.

*Skin.* Then dare ye trust me?

*Fau.* Who the Princely Iohn?

My Soueraignes sonne, why what a question's that?  
 Ile leaue you, yee may know I dare trust you.

*Skin.* Ile

called Looke about you.

*Ski* Ile bring't ye to the Shiriffes, excuse my absence.

*Fau.* I wil my noble Lord, adieu sweet Prince. *Exit.*

*Skin.* Why so, this breakfast was wel fed vpon,  
When Skinkes deuises on Blacke-heath doo faile,  
This and such cheates, would set me vnder faile.  
Ile to the water side, would it were later,  
For stil I am afraide to meete Prince Iohn. 1280

*Enter Gloster like Faukenbridge.*

But what a mischief meant Faukenbridge  
To come againe so soone? that way he went,  
And now comes peaking; vpon my life  
The buzzard hath me in suspition,  
But whatsoeuer chaunce, Ile filch a share. 1290

*Glo.* Yonder's Prince Iohn I hope he cannot know me,  
Ther's naught but Gloster Gloster in their mouthes;  
I am halfe strangled with the Garlicke breath,  
Of rascals that exclames as I passe by,  
Gloster is fled, once taken he must dye.  
But Ile to Iohn, how does my gracious Lord?

What tattles rumour now? what newes of Gloster?

*Skin.* What newes could I heare since you left me last?  
Were you not heere euen now? lent me your chaine,  
I thinke you dote. (pretty accident, 1300

*Glo.* Sweet Prince, age, age forgets, my brothers chaine? a  
Ile haue't and be but in the spight of Iohn.

*Skin.* Ther's more, and more, Ile geld it eare it go. *He breaks*  
This fame shal keep me in some Tauerne merry, *the chaine.*  
Til nights blacke hand curtaine this to cleare sky.

*Fau.* My sweet Prince, I haue some cause to vse my chaine,  
Another time (when ere your Lordship please)  
Tis at your seruice, ô mary God it is.

*Skin.* Heere palfie, take your chaine, stoop and be hang'd,  
Yet the fish nibbled, when she might not swallow;  
Gout I haue curtall'd what I could not borrow. *Exit.* 1310

*Glo.* He's gone away in frets, would he might meete  
My brother Faukenbridge in this mad moode,  
There would be rare adoe; Why this fits me,  
My braine flowes with fresh wit and pollicy.

## V pleafant Commodity

But Glofter looke about, who haue we yonder?  
 Another Iohn Prince, Richard and the Shiriffe?  
 Vpon my life, the flauē that had the chaine,  
 Was Skinke, eſcaped the Fleete by ſome mad flight,  
 Wel, farewell he, better and better ſtill,  
 Theſe ſeeke for me, yet I wil haue my will.

1320

*Jo.* Shiriffe, in any caſe be diligent.  
 Whoſe yonder, Faukenbridge?

*Glo.* How now ſweet chucke, how fares my louely Prince?

*Jo.* What careſt thou? or wel, or ill, we craue no help of thee.

*Glo.* Gods mother doe you ſcorne me?

*Jo.* Gout, what then?

*Rich.* Fye, leaue theſe idle braules, I prethee Iohn  
 Lets follow that we are inioyn'd vnto.

*Glo.* I mary Prince, if now you ſlip the time,  
 Glofter wil ſlip away; tut though he hate me  
 I haue done ſeruice, I haue found him out.

1330

*Ric.* A ſhame confound thee for thy treachery,  
 Inconſtant dotard, tymerous olde aſſe,  
 That ſhakes with cowardiſe not with yeares.

*Glo.* Goe, I haue found him, I haue winded him.

*Jo.* O let me hug thee gentle Faukenbridge,  
 Forgiue my oft ill vſing of thine age,  
 Ile call thee Father, ile be penitent,  
 Bring me where Glofter is Ile be thy flauē,  
 All that is mine, thou in reward ſhalt haue.

1340

*Glo.* Soft, not too haſty, I would not be ſcene in't,  
 Mary a god my wife would chide me dead,  
 If Glofter by my meanes ſhould looſe his head.  
 Princely Richard at this corner make your ſtand:  
 And for I know you loue my ſiſter well,  
 Know I am Glofter and not Faukenbridge.

*Ric.* Heauen proſper thee ſweet Prince in thy eſcape.

*Glo.* Shiriffe, make this your quarter, make good guard,  
 Iohn, ſtay you heere, this way he meanes to turne,  
 By Thomas I lacke a ſwoord, body a me.

1350

*Jo.* What wouldſt thou with a ſwoord olde Faukenbridge?

*Glo.* O fir to make ſhew in his defence,

For



called Looke about you.

For I haue left him yonder at a house  
A friends of mine, an honest Cittizen.

*Io.* Wee'll fetch him thence.

*Glo.* Nay then you iniure me, stay till he come; he's in a ruf  
And must attend me like a Seruingman. (set cloake

*Io.* Holde ther's my swoord, and with my swoord my heart,  
Bring him for Godfake, and for thy desert, 1360  
My brother King and mother Queene shall loue thee.

*Glo.* Marke me good Prince, yonder away we come,  
I goe afore and Gloster followes me;  
Let not the Shiriffe nor Richard meddle with vs,  
Begin you first, seaze Gloster and arrest him;  
Ile draw and lay about me heere and heere,  
Be heedfull that your watchmen hurt me not,

*Io.* Ile hang him that doth hurt thee, prethee away,  
I loue thee, but thou kilst me with delay.

*Glo.* Wel keep close watch, ile bring him presently. 1370

*Io.* Away then quickly.

*Gl.* Gloster, close master Shiriffe, Prince Richard,

*Ri.* Gloste radieu. *Glo.* I trust you.

*Rich.* By my Knight-hood Ile prooue true. *Exit Gloster.*

*Io.* Reuenge, Ile build a Temple to your name;  
And the first offering shal be Glosters head,  
Thy Alters shal be sprinkled with the bloud,  
Whose wanton current his mad humour fed;  
He was a rymer and a Ridler,  
A scoffer at my mother, prayf'd my father,  
Ile fit him now for al, escape and all. 1380

*Ric.* Take heede spight burst not in his proper gall.

*Enter Faukenbridge and Blocke.*

*Io.* How now, what way tooke Faukenbridge I wonder?  
That is not Gloster sure that attends on him.

*Fau.* He came not at the Shiriffes by the morrow masse,  
I fought the Goldsmithes rowe and found him not;  
Sirra, y'are sure he sent not home my chaine?

*Blo.* Who should fend your chaine fir?

*Fau.* The Prince, Prince Iohn I lent it him to day. 1390

*Io.* What's this they talke?

*Bloc.* By

## A pleasant Commodity

*Blo.* By my truth Sir, and ye lent it him, I thinke you may goe look it : for one of the Drawers of the Salutation tolde me euen now, that he had tooke vp a chamber there till e-  
uening, and then he will away to Kent.

*Fau.* Body of me, he meanes to spend my chaine,  
Come Blocke Ile to him.

*Job.* Heare you Faukenbridge ?

*Fau.* Why what a knaue art thou ? younders Prince Iohn.

*Bl.* Then the Drawer's a knaue, he told me Prince Iohn was 1400  
at the Salutation.

*Jo.* Wheres Glofter Faukenbridge ?

*Fau.* Sweet Prince I knowe not.

*Job.* Come, iest not with me, tell me where he is ?

*Fau.* I neuer saw him since the Parliament.

*Io.* Impudent lyar, didst thou not euen now  
Say thou woldst fetch him ? hadst thou not my sword ?

*Fau.* Wert thou a King, I will not beare the lye,  
Thy sword ? no boy, thou feest this sword is myne.

*Blo.* My Master a lyer ? Zounds wert thou a potentate, 1410

*Fau.* I scorne to weare thy armes vntutred childe,  
I fetch thee Glofter ? shamelesse did I see thee  
Since as I went this morning to the Siriffes,  
Thou borrowedst my gold chaine ?

*Io.* Thy chaine ?

*Fau.* I hope thou wilt not cheate me princkocks Iohn.

*Io.* Ile cheat thee of thy life if thou charge me  
With any chaine.

*Fau.* Come, let him come I pray, Ile whip yee boy, Ile teach  
you to out face. 1420

*Blo.* Come, come, come, but one at once, ye dasterds come

*Rich.* Keepe the Kings peace, I see you are both deceau'd,  
He that was last heare, was not Faukenbridge.

*Fau.* They slaunder me, who sayes that I was heare ?

*Ric.* Wee doe belecue ye fir ; nor doe you thinke  
My brother Iohn deceiu'd you of a chayne.

*Fau.* He did, I did deliuer it with this hand.

*Job.* Ile dye vpon the slanderer,

*Fau.* Let the boy come.

*Blo.* I

called Looke about you.

*Blo.* I, let him come, let him come.

1430

*Ric.* Fellow, thou spakst euen now, as if Prince Iohn  
Had byn at some olde Tauerne in the towne.

*Blo.* I fir, I came vp now, but from the Salutation,  
And a drawer that doth not vse to lye, tolde me  
Prince Iohn hath byn there all this after noone.

*Ioh.* The Deuill in my likeneffe then is there.

*Fau.* The Deuill in thy likeneffe or thy selfe,  
Had my gold chaine.

*Ioh.* Thou art the Deuill, for thou  
Hadst my good sword, all these can witnesse it.

1440

*Fau.* Gods Mother thou bely'st mee.

*Jo.* Giue me the lye?

*Rich.* Nay calme this fury, lets downe to the Tauerne,  
Or one, or both, these counterfeites are there.

*Fau.* I know him well enough that had my chaine,  
And there be two Iohns, if I finde one there,  
BerLady, I will lay him fast.

*Rich.* It is this Skinke that mockes vs I beleuee.

*Job.* Alas poore Skink it is the Deuill Gloster;  
Who if I be so happy once to finde,  
Ile giue contentment, to his troubled minde.

1450

*Rich.* I hope he's far enough, and free enough:  
Yet these confeytes I know delight his soule.

*Fau.* Followe me Blocke, follow me honest Blocke.

*Blo.* Much follow you, I haue another peece of worke in  
hand; I heare say Redcaps father shall bee hanged this after  
noone, Ile see him slip a string though I giue my seruice the  
slip; beside my Lady bad me heare his examination at his  
death: Ile get a good place, and pen it word for word, and as  
I like it, set out a moornefull Dittie to the tune of Laban- 1460  
dalashot, or rowe wel ye Marriners, or somewhat as my muse  
shall me inuoke.

*Exit.*

*Enter Gloster like Faukenbridge with a Pursuant, Gloster* Sc. ix  
*hauing a paper in his hand, the Pursuant bare.*

*Glo.* A charytable deed, God bleffe the King,  
He shall be then repreeued.

*Pur.* I fir, some day or two, till the young King and Prince

F

Iohn

A pleafant Commodity,

Iohn chaunge it, efpecially if the good Earle bee not found  
which God forbid.

*Glo.* What houle is this that wee are ftept into to read this 1470  
warrant in?

*Pur.* A Tauerne fir, the Salutation.

*Glo.* A Tauerne? then I will turne prodigall,  
Call for a pint of Sacke good fellow.

*Pur.* Drawer?

*Dra.* Anan fir.

*Glo.* A pint of thy beft Sacke my pretty youth.

*Dra.* God bleffe your worfhip fir, ye fhall haue the beft in  
London fir.

*Gl.* What knowft thou me? knowft thou old Faukenbridge? 1480  
I am no Tauerne hunter I can tell thee.

*Draw.* But my Mafter hath taken many a faire pound of  
your man Blocke; he was heere to day fir, and fild two bot-  
tles of nippitate facke.

*Glo.* Well, fill vs of your nippitate fir,  
This is well chauncft, but heere ye boy?  
Bring Suger in white paper, not in browne;  
For in white paper I haue heere a tricke,  
Shall make the Purfeuant firft ffound, then ficke.  
Thou honeft fellow what's thy name?

1490

*Pur.* My name is Winterborne fir.

*Glo.* What countryman I prethee?

*Pur.* Barkeshire and please ye.

*Gl.* How long haft thou bin fworne a meffenger?

*Pur.* But yefterday and please your worfhip,  
This is the Firft imployment I haue had.

*Enter Drawer with wine and Suger.*

*Glo.* A good beginning, heere haue too thee fellow;  
Thou art my fellow now thou ferueft the King,  
Nay take Suger too, Gods Lady deere,  
I put it in my pocket, but it's heere:  
Drinke a good draught I prethee Winterborne.

1500

*He drinkes and falles ouer the ftoule.*

*Dra.* O Lord Sir Richard, the man, the man.

*Glo.* What a forgetfull beaft am I? peace boy,

It is

called Looke about you.

It is his fashion euer when he drinkes.

Fellow he hath the falling sickenes,

Run fetch two cushions to rayse vp his head,

And bring a little Key to ope his teeth.

*Exit Drawer.*

Purseuant, your warrant and your boxe,

1510

These must with me, the shape of Faukenbridge

Will holde no longer water heere about.

Gloster wil be a proteus euery houre,

That Elinor and Leyster, Henry, Iohn,

And all that rabble of hate louing cures,

May minister me more mirth to play vpon.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Dra.* Heer's a key fir, and one of our folke to help.

*Glo.* No matter for a key, help him but in,

And lay him by the fire a little while,

1520

He'll wake immediatly, but be hart ficke,

Ther's money for a candle and thy wine,

Ile goe but vp vnto your Aldermans,

And come downe presently to comfort him:

*Exeunt*

*Within Ski.* Drawer? what Drawer? with a vengeance *Dra. Sc. x*

*Within Dra.* Speake in the Crowne there.

*Enter Skinke like Prince John.*

*Skin.* They be come, the deuill crowne yee one by one,

Skinke tho'art betraide, that master Faukenbridge

Miffing some of his chaine, hath got thee dog'd.

1530

Drawer? what Drawer?

*Dra.* Anan, anan fir.

*Ski.* Was not fir Richard Faukenbridge below?

*Dra.* Yes and please yee.

*Skin.* It does not please me wel, knowes he that I am heer?

*Dra.* No I protest.

*Ski.* Come hether firra, I haue little money,  
But ther's some few linkes of a chayne of golde:

Vpon your honesty knowes not fir Richard,

That I am heere?

1540

*Dra.* No by my holydam.

*Skin.* Who's that was with him?

*Dra.* Why a Purseuant.

## A pleafant Commodity

*Skin.* Where is fir Richard?

*Dra.* At the Aldermans.

*Skin.* A Purfeuant and at the Aldermans.

What Pyg, or Goofe, or Capon haue you kill'd,  
Withing your Kitchin new?

*Dra.* A pyg new flickt.

*Skin.* Fetch me a fawcer of the bloud, quicke run; *Exit.* 1550  
Ile fit the Purfeuant, and Alderman,  
And Faukenbridge, if Skinke haue any wit.  
Well Glofter, I did neuer loue thee yet,  
But th'art the maddeft Lord that ere I met,  
If I fcape this, and meete thee once againe,  
Curffe Skinke, if he dye penny in thy det.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Dra.* O my Lord the houle is full of holberts, and a great  
many Gentlemen aske for the roome where Prince Iohn is?

*Skin.* Lend me thy Aprone, runne and fetch a pot from the 1560  
next roome.

Betray'd, fwords betray'd, by gout, by palfie, by dropfie;  
O braue boy, excellent bloud: vp, take my cloake  
And my hat to thy share, when I come from Kent, ile pay  
Thee like a King.

*Dra.* I thanke you my Lord. *Exit.*

*Enter John, Richard, Faukenbridge, Shiriffes and Officers.*

*Ski.* Now fortune help or neuer: they come, and yee were a  
Prince as yee fay ye are, yee would bee afhamed to abufe a  
poore feruant thus, but and if you were not of the bloud 1570  
Royall, Ide breake the necke of yee downe the ftayres, fo  
would I, Ide teach you to hurt prentifes.

*Ri.* Who hurt thee fellow?

*Skin.* Prince deuill or his dam, Prince Iohn they call him.

*Job.* Glofter I hope.

*Ri.* I doubt not but it's Skinke.

*Io.* Where is he?

*Skin.* Vp them ftayres, take heede of him.  
He's in the Crowne.

*Fau.* Alas poore fellow, he hath crown'd thee fhrewdly. 1580

*Jo.* In recompence, if it be him I feeke,

Ile

called Looke about you.

Ile giue thee his whole head to tread vpon.  
Follow me brother, come olde Faukenbridge,  
Keep the stayres Shiriffes, you see it waxeth darke,  
Take heede he slip not by you. *Exeunt*

*Ski.* Hange your felues, this darkenes shal conuay me out,  
Ile swim the Thames, but Ile attaine Black-heath, (of doors  
London farewell, curse Iohn, raue Faukenbridge,  
Skinke scapes you all by twy lights priuyledge.

*Within.* Where is he? lights, bring lights, drag out that boy. 1590

*Enter all with the boy.*

*Io.* This is my cloke, my hat, my rapier,  
And eyther it was Skinke or Gloster.

*Dra.* I know not who twas fir, he said he was Prince Iohn,  
he tooke away my aprone and a pottle pot with him, and al  
to bloudied his head and face.

*Fau.* We met him, by S. Anthony, we met him.

*Io.* The fire of S. Anthony confound  
This changing counterfeit whatsoeuer he be.

*Rich.* It makes me laugh at enuious greedines,  
Who feedes vpon her owne harts bitternes. 1600

*Iob.* Sirra you that were borne to cry anan,  
What other copesmates haue you in the house?

*Draw.* Sir, my Maisters gesse be none of my copesmates,

*Jo.* Well your gesse, can ye gesse who they be?

*Draw.* Marry heere's a pursuant, that this Gentleman fir  
Richard Faukenbridge left sick euen now.

*Fau.* Marry of God dyd I, thou lyiug knaue?

*Dra.* I am a poore boy fir, your worship may say your pleasure,  
our maides haue had a foule hand with him, you said he 1610  
would be sicke: so he is with a witnesse.

*Iob.* Looke about Faukenbridge, heere's worke for you,  
You haue some euill Angell in your shape,  
Goe sirra, bring vs foorth that Pursuant?

*Enter two leading the Pursuant sicke.*

*Rich.* Gloster, thou wilt be too too venterous,  
Thou doost delight in those odde humours so,  
That much I feare they'll be thy ouerthrowe. *aside.*

*Pur.* O O O not too fast; O I am sicke, O very sicke.

## A pleafant Commodity

*Io.* What picture of the peftilence is this? 1620

*Purf.* A poore man fir, a poore man fir: downe I pray yee, I pray let me fit downe. A fir Richard, fir Richard, a good fir Richard: what haue I deferu'd to be thus dealt with all at your worships hands? a ha, ah, ah.

*Fau.* At my hands knaue? at my hands paltry knaue?

*Dra.* And I fhould be brought to my booke oath fir:

*Within.* What Ieffrey?

*Dra.* Anan, anan.

*Iob.* A plague vpon your Ieffring, is your name Ieffrey?

*Dra.* I and't please you fir. 1630

*Rich.* Why gentle Ieffrey then ftay you awhile, What can you fay, if you come to your booke?

*Dra.* If I bee pof'd vpon a booke fir, though I bee a poore prentife, I muft fpeake the truth, & nothing but the truth fir.

*Jo.* And what's your truth fir?

*Pur.* O, O my heart.

*Dra.* Mary fir this Knight, this man of worfhip.

*Fau.* Well, what of me? what did my worfhip doe?

*Dra.* Mary ye came into the Bel, our roome next the Barre, with this honeft man as I take it. 1640

*Fau.* As thou tak'ft it?

*Pur.* O fir tis too true, too true, too true O Lord.

*Dra.* And there he call'd for a pint of Sacke, as good Sacke (Hee bee pof'd vpon all the bookes that euer opened and fhut) as any is in all Chriftendome.

*Fau.* Body of me, I come and call for Sacke?

*Pur.* O ye did, ye did, ye did, O O.

*Iob.* Well forward firra.

*Ric.* Glofter hath done this ieff.

*Dra.* And you call'd then for Suger fir, as good Suger and 1650 as wholfome, as euer came in any cup of Sacke: you drunke to this man, and you doe well God be thanked, but hee no fooner drunke:

*Pur.* But I, but I, but I, O my head, O my heart.

*Rich.* I cannot chufe but fmile at thefe confeites.

*Io.* I am mad, and yet I muft laugh at Faukenbridge: Brother, looke how fir Richard actes his rage?

*Fau.* I



called Looke about you.

*Fau.* I came? I call? the man is like to dye,  
Practise by th'emmaffe, practise by the marry God,  
Iohn loues me not, Prince Richard loues my wife, 1660  
I shall be charg'd heere, for a poyfned knaue,  
Practise by th'Lord, practise I see it cleare.

*Pur.* And more Sir Richard, O Lord O Sir Richard,

*Fa.* What more? what hast thou more? what practise more?

*Pur.* O my box, my box, with the Kings armes, O my box,  
O my box, it cost me, O Lord euery penny O, my box,

*Rcib.* And what of your box fir.

*Dra.* Mary fir it's lost, & tis wel knowne my Master keeps  
no theeues in his house, O there was none but you and he.

*Fau.* O then belike thou thinkest I had his box, 1670

*Pur.* O fir Richard I will not, O Lord I will not charge you  
for all the world, but, but, but for the warrant the olde King  
fignd to repreeue the Porter of the fleet, O God, O God!

*Ioh.* The Porter of the Fleet, the olde king fignd,

*Pur.* I my good Lord, oh, oh,

*Io.* Is he repreeued then?

*Pur.* No my Lord, O fir Richard tooke it from me with his  
owne hand, O.

*Fau.* Heeres a deuice to bring me in contempt  
With the olde King, that I euer lou'd, 1680  
Princes and Shiriffe, you can witneffe with me,  
That I haue bin with you, this after noone,  
Onely with you, with no body but you,  
And now a fellow whome the King would saue,  
By a repreeue, this fellow sayes is hang'd,

*Io.* If thou hadst done it, Ide haue iustified it,  
But Richard I conceipt this iest already,  
This mad mate Skinke, this honest merry knaue,  
Meeting this Purseuant, and hearing tell  
He had a warrant to repreeue a slaue, 1690  
Whome we would hang: stole it away from him.

This is sure the Iest, vpon my life it is,

*Pur.* O but my warrant, how shall I doe? O,

*Ric.* But looke about you, hot braind brother Iohn,  
And I beleue you'l finde it otherwise,

Gloster

A pleasant Commodity,

Gloster hath got the warrant in disguise,  
And fau'd the fellow you so faine would hang.

*Jo.* No, no, how say you M. Shiriffe, is he not hang'd?

*Shi.* My Lord, the gibbet was set vp by noone  
In the olde Bayly, and I charg'd my men,  
If I returne not, though it were by Toarch light,  
To see him executed ere they come.

1700

*Jo.* I am greedy to heare newes.

*Fau.* Rob'd of my chaine, out-fac'd I had a swoord,  
Accus'd of poysoning, cousonage, seeking bloud?  
Not to be borne: it is vntollerable.

*Rich.* Sir Richard, I prethee haue some patience.

*Fau.* Ile to Blacke-heath, talke not of patience,  
It is intollerable, not to be borne.

*Jo.* It is intollerable not to be borne,  
A warrant brother, Faukenbridge a warrant?

1710

*Fau.* I saw no warrant, I defie you all.

*Jo.* A slaue, a Purseuant, one winter borne.

*Fau.* I care not for thee that winter borne.

*Pur.* O it is I sir, that's my warrant.

*Jo.* Ist you? you rogue, you drunkerd; ye are cheated,  
And we are cheated of the prisoner,  
Out dog, dog.

*Pur.* O ô ô ô my Lord.

*Exit and Drawer.*

*Shi.* Haue patience and we wil haue a priuy search.

1720

*Iob.* Goe hang ye block-heads, get ye from my sight,  
O would I were a Basiliske, to kill  
These gleare ey'd villaines.

*Shir.* Come away let's leaue him.

*Exeunt Shiriffes*

We haue a warrant let him doe his worst.

*and Officers.*

*Fau.* Ile to Blacke-heath, Ile to the holy Hermit,  
There shall I knowe not onely these deceiuers,  
But how my wife playes fast and loose with Richard,  
Ha, I shall fit them, Ile tickle them,  
Ile doo't, Ile hence, Ile to the Heath amaine,

*Exit. 1730*

*Iob.* There shall I know, where this damned Gloster is,  
Ile haue the Deuils rous'd to finde that Deuill,  
Or else Ile coniure the olde Coniurer.

Ile

called Looke about you.

Ile to Blacke-heath, and there with friends confpire,  
But Ile haue Glosters head my hearts desire.

*Rich.* Would mad Earle Robyn saw these humouriftes.  
Twol'd feed him fat with Laughter; O twold fit him,  
Where euer he is, I knowe the bare confaite  
Is better to him than his daintieft foode,  
Well, and it fits mee well, now I haue time,  
To coort my Lady Faukenbridge at leysure,  
Loue I emlore thy aide faire Cipria,  
Thou sea-borne mother at affections ring,  
Shine brightly in thy sphere, that at my starre,  
My plannet thou of all lights most beautilous,  
Be thou to my desires Aufpitious.

1740

*Exit.*

*Enter Robin Hood in the Lady Faukenbridges  
gowne, night attire on his head.*

*Sc. xi*

*Rob.* O for this Lady, was neuer poore Gentleman troubled  
with Gentlewoman as I am with my selfe, my Lady Fauken- 1750  
bridge hath fitted me a turne, heere I am visited with fleue-  
lesse errands and with asking for this thing Madam and that  
thing Madam, that they make me almost mad in earnest.  
whoop heer's another Client.

*Enter a Seruingman.*

*Ser.* Heer's my Lady Rawfords Page attends to speake with  
your Ladyship.

*Rob.* I pray ye bid her Lordships Page come into my  
Ladyship: well Robin Hood, part with these pettycoates,  
And cast these loose deuices from thy backe, 1760  
Ile nere goe more vntrust, neuer bee kercheft.  
Neuer haue this adoe, with what doe you lacke?

*Enter Page.*

*Pag.* Madam my Lady greets your honour kindly,  
And sends you the first grapes of her young vine.

*Rob.* I am much indepted to her honour, thers an angel for  
you to drinke; set them vp till after supper. Humphery, pray  
looke about for Blocke. Humphery? trust mee I thinke the  
foole be lost.

*Pa.* No forsooth, Madam hee's vpon the greene Iesting 1770  
with a stammerer, one Redcap.

G

*Rob.* it is

## A pleafant Commodity

*Rob.* It is a lewd fellowe, pray bid him come in youth, Ile giue him his welcome at the doore: commend me to your Lady, I pray ye hartily. *Exit Page*

Humphrey, I maruell where fir Richard is fo late? truly, truly hee does not as befeemes a gentleman of his calling, pray let fome goe foorth to meete him on the greene, and fend in that blockehead Blocke. *Exit Humphrey.*

*Enter Redcap and Blocke after him.*

*Bloc.* Wil ye tel tales ye affe, will ye? 1780

*Red.* Ile te te tell your La La Lady or I would to g God we were ha hang'd elfe, as my fa father fould haue bin.

*Rob.* Now what's the matter there I pray you? what company haue you there a gods name? where fpend you the day I pray?

*Bloc.* Why where you gaue me leaue, at the gallows I was, no farther.

*Red.* A a and you be his La Lady, you are the La Lady Fau Faukenbridge, the Earle of glo Glofters fifter.

*Rob.* I am fo fellow.

*Red.* Y y your man b b Blocke heere, does no nothing but f f floute m me, a and cr cries r run Re Redcap ad f f fee your f f father ha ha hang'd. I fh fh al g go neere to m make m murder and he v vfe it. 1790

*Rob.* Wel firra, leaue your mocking you were beft, Ile bob your beetle head and if you mocke him.

*Blo.* He's run Redcap.

*Red.* La la law ma Madam.

*Rob.* Away ye faucy foole, goe waite within.

*Blo.* Run Redcap, run Redcap.

*Exit.* 1800

*Rob.* Art thou the Porters fonne, that was condemned about my brother Glofter?

*Red.* I g g God be with ye, I am the p p Porters fon, I m muft r run to f f feeke your b br brother.

*Rob.* Wel, drinke that fellow, if thou finde my brother bee not too violent, and Ile reward thee.

*Red.* I th th thanke ye h hartily, and I had not bin coufoned with Sk Skinke, I had no nee need of thefe ia iaunts, for Gl Glofter was f fafe enough.

*Enter*

called Looke about you.

*Enter Blocke and the Porter with his cloake muffled.* 1810

*Blo.* Ah farewell Redcap.

*Red.* Fa fare we wel and be ha hang. *Exit.*

*Rob.* You'll neuer leaue your knauery, whose there more?

*Blo.* One Madam that hath commendations to you from  
your brother.

*Rob.* Commett thou from Gloster? thou art welcome friend

*Blo.* O it's one of the kindest Ladies (though she wil now &  
then haue about with Block) that euer breath'd, and she had  
been in her mood now, Redcap would haue made her such  
sp sp sport as't a pa pa past. 1820

*Rob.* Wil you make sport and see who knockes againe?

*Bl.* Our gates are like an Anuile, from foure to ten, nothing  
but knicke a knocke vpon't. *Exit.*

*Rob.* Wil you be gone fir? honest friend I am glad  
My brother Gloster got thy liberty,  
Whose flight was cause of thy captiuitie:  
Nor shal there be in vs such negligence,  
Though thou haue lost thy Office and thy house,  
But we wil see thee better farre provided,  
Than when thou wert porter in the Fleete. 1830

*Enter Blocke.*

*Blo.* Madam your olde friend Prince Richard,  
All alone, making mone, fetching many a greuous grone.

*Rob.* Prince Richard come so late? lights to his chamber,  
Sirra, in any case say I am sicke.

*Blo.* Very sicke, sicke and like to dye: Ile sing it and you wil.

*Ro.* Away ye knaue, tel him, in the morning  
Ile humbly waite vpon his excellence.

*Blo.* That's all his desire to haue ye lowly and humble, and  
tis a courteous thing in a Lady. *Exit.* 1840

*Ro.* Hence, or else ile set you hence: goe in good friend.  
Come Lady Faukenbridge, it's time to come,  
Robin can holde out no longer I see,  
Hot wooers will be tempters presently. *Exit*

*Enter Skinke like a Hermit.*

*Sc. xii*

*Ski.* Now holy Skinke in thy religious weed,  
Looke out for purchase, or thy wonted clyants:

A pleafant Commodity

Warrents quoth you, I was fairely warrented,  
Young Robin Hood the Earle of Huntington,  
Shall neuer fetch me more vnto his Prince.

1850

*Enter Ladie Faukenbridge in Merchants wiues attyre.*

But *pauca verba* Skinke, a prize, a prize,  
By th'mas a pretty girle, clofe Hermit clofe,  
Ore-heare if thou canst, what she desires,  
For so my cunning and my credit spreads.

*La.* See how affection armes my feeble strength,  
To this so desperate iourneying all alone,  
While Robin Hood young Earle of Huntington,  
Playes Lady Faukenbridge for me at home.

*Ski.* What mistery is this? the Lady Faukenbridge,  
It's she, sweet fortune thou hast sent her wel,  
I will intice this morcell to my Cell:  
Her husband's iealous, I will giue him cause,  
As he beleeuës, I hope it shall succeed;  
Nay swounds it shal, she's mine in scorne of speed.

1860

*La.* By this broad beaten path, it should appeare,  
The holy Hermits Caue cannot be farre,  
And if I erre not, this is he himselfe.

*Ski.* What honour'd tongue enquereth for the Hermit?

*La.* What honour'd tongue?

1870

*Ski.* I Lady Faukenbridge,  
I know ye, and I know for what you come,  
For Gloster and your husbands ieaousie.

*La.* O thou, whose eye of contemplation,  
Lookes through the windows of the highest heauens,  
Resolue thy Hand-maide, where Earle Gloster liues:  
And whether he shal liue, and scape the hate,  
Of proude young Henry and his brother Iohn?

*Ski.* Ile haue you first in, Ile tel you more anone.  
Madam, they fay busshes haue eares and eyes,  
And these are matters of great secrecy:  
And you'll vouchsafe enter my holy Cell,  
There what you long to know, ile quickly tell.

1880

*Enter Iohn and Faukenbridge.*

*La.* Stay heere are strangers.

*Ski.* A

called Looke about you.

*Ski.* A plague vpon them, come they in the nicke,  
To hinder Raynald of his Foxes tricke?

*Jo.* Good day olde Hermit.

*Fau.* So to you faire Dame.

*Io.* By Elinors gray eye she's faire indeed ; 1890  
Sweet heart come ye for holy benizons ?  
Hermit haft thou good custome with such Cliants ?  
I cannot blame your feates, your iugling trickes,  
Plague iuggle you.

*La.* Why curffe ye sacred worth ?

*Fau.* Ill done in sooth my Lord, very ill done,  
Wrong holines: a very pretty woman.  
Mocke grauity ; by the masse a cherry lippe,  
A it's not wel done, deride a holy Hermit ?

*Iob.* I haue it in my purse shall make amends. 1900

*Ski.* His purse and yours, shall make me some amends,  
For hindring me this morning from the Lady ;  
For scaring me at Tauerne yesternight,  
For hauing backe your chaine, Ile fit you both.

*Io.* Hermit, a word.

*Fau.* A word with you faire mistresse.

*Io.* Where lye your deuils that tel all your newes ?  
Would you would trouble them for halfe an houre,  
To know what's become of traytor Gloster,  
That in my cloathes brake prison in the Fleete ? 1910

*Ski.* No, it was Skinke.

*Jo.* Come olde foole yee dote.

*Ski.* But heare me.

*Fau.* Heare him Prince.

*Io.* Swounds who heares you ? Ile make your Lady graft ye  
for this worke : but to your tale fir.

*Ski.* Knowe thrife honour'd Prince, that Skinke did coufen  
Redcap of his cloathes.

Gloster did couzen Skinke, and so escapt.

*Jo.* Well done Faukenbridge ? 1920

*Fau.* My Lord, he tels you true.

*Jo.* You finde it on her lippes: but forward fir.

*Ski.* Twas Skinke in Glosters gowne, whome you did vifit,  
That

## A pleafant Commodity

That playd at bowles and after stole your cloths,  
While you went into the Lord Moortons chamber.

*Io.* This fauors of fome truth,

*Fau.* Tis very like,

*Job.* Well Faukenbridge by heauen Ile tell your wife,

*Fau.* She'l much beleue you: you will come?

Tell me of my wife: this euening faile me not.

1930

My wife quoth you: Ile fend my wife from home,

Do, tell my wife prince Iohn, by my deare mother,

I loue her too too well to like another.

*La.* It feemes fo fox, O what a world is this,  
There moft finne raynes where leaft fufpition is,

*Fau.* You'l come.

*La.* I will not faile, I warrant you,

*Jo.* Hermit is all this true,

*Ski.* Himfelfe deliuer not fo much before ye sleepe,  
Roote me from out the borders of this Realme.

1940

*Jo.* Well by your leaue fir Richard Faukenbridge,  
Hence free from feare, you'l melt you'l melt olde man,

*Fau.* Nay take her to you, ſhe is a ſhrow I warrant,  
Ile to the holy Hermit, and inquire,

About my chaine, your ſword, the Purſeuant  
And other matters that I haue to aſke,

*Ski.* Your welcome good fir Richard,

*Io.* Nay doe not ſtand on tearmes, I am fire, all life,  
Nor neuer tell me that I haue a wife.

I doe not meane to marry, ye think ſo,

1950

But to be merry, you the manner knowe.

And you will haue me, haue me, poynt a meeting,

Ile be your true loue, you ſhall be my ſweeting,

If you deny to promiſe, this is plaine

Ile haue my will eare you get home againe.

*La.* moſt gracious Lord.

*Io.* Tut tell not me of grace I like no goodnes but a beauti-  
ous face.

Be therefore breefe, giue me your hand & ſweare,

Or Ile away with you into the heath,

1960

Neither ſhall Faukenbridge nor Hermit helpe,

And



called Looke about you.

And what I doe Ile answer well enough.

*La.* Why, then my Lord.

*Jo.* Nay do not stand on then,  
But tell me when my Lord shall haue you Lady,  
Its presently, ile venter for a baby.

*La.* This night at stepney by my summer houle,  
There is a tauerne which I sometime vse,  
When we from London come a goffoping,  
It is the Hinde.

1970

*Io.* Giue me thy pretty hand.  
Thou'lt meet me at the Hinde, Ile by thy Roe,

*La.* One word's enough,

*Iob.* Suffice then be it so,

*La.* Ile fit my olde adulterer and your grace,  
Ile send the Princeesse thether in my place.

*Fa.* Prince Iohn, Prince Iohn, the Hermit teles me wonders.  
He sayes it was Skinke that scapt vs at the Tauerne,  
Skinke had my chaine: nay sure that Skinke did all.

*Skin.* I say goe but to yonder corner,  
And ere the Sun be halfe an hower higher,  
Ther will the theefe attempt a robbery,

1980

*Io.* Who Skinke?

*Fau.* Will Skinke?

*Ski.* I Skinke vpon my word.

*Fau.* Shal we goe seaze vpon him good Prince Iohn?

*Io.* Nay we will haue him that's no question.

And yet not hurte the honest rogue.  
he'll helpe vs well in quest of changeing Gloster,  
Hermit farwell, Lady keepe your houre.

1990

*Fau.* Adeiu olde Hermit: soone in th'euening Lasse,

*La.* Ile meet you both, and meet with both of you.  
Father what answere doe you giue to me?

*Ski.* Lady start downe I must into my cell,  
Where I am curing of a man late hurt,  
He drest, I must vnto my Orizons,  
In halfe an houre al wil be dispatcht,  
And then I will attend your Ladyship.

*La.* At your best leasure father, O the life

That

## A pleasant Commodity

That this thrife reuerend Hermit leadeth heere.  
 How farre remote from mortall vanities,  
 Baites to the soule, enticements to the eye?  
 How farre is he vnlike my lustfull Lord?  
 Who being giuen himselfe to be vnchaste,  
 Thinke all men like himselfe, in their effects,  
 And iniures me, that neuer had a thought,  
 To wrong the sacred rites of spotlesse faith.

2000

*Enter Skinke with a patch on his face, and a Faulconers lure  
 in his hand.*

*Ski.* Hermit farewell, ile pay ye or speake with ye next time  
 I see yee. Sweete mouse the Hermit bids you stay heere,  
 he'll visit you anon. Now Iohn and Faukenbridge, Ile match  
 yee, and I doe not say Skinke's a wretch, a wren, a worme,  
 when I haue trickt them, Madam I will trimme you. Com-  
 modity is to be prefer'd before pleasure. About profit Skink,  
 for crownes for crownes, that make the kingly thoughts.

*La.* I am assur'd that man's some murderer, *Exit.*  
 Good Father Hermit speake and comfort me,  
 Are ye at prayers good olde man? I pray ye speake,  
 What's heere a beard? a counterfeited hayre?  
 The Hermits portes? garments and his beades?  
 Iesus defend me I will fly this denne,  
 It's some theeues caue, no haunt for holy men.  
 What if the murderer, (as I ges him one)  
 Set on my husband, tush Prince Iohn and hee  
 Are able to defend them noble felues,  
 How eare, I will not tarry, Ile away,  
 Least vnto theft and rape, I prooue apray. *Exit.*

2020

*Enter Skinke Solus.*

*Skin.* Younder they are Ile fit them, heer's my ground :  
 Wa ha how, wa ha how, wa ha how?

*Sc. xiii*

2031

*Enters Faukenbridge.*

*Fau.* I warrant ye my Lord some man's distrest.  
*Ioh.* Why man tis a Faulconer.

*Fau.* Mary

called Looke about you.

*Fa.* Mary of me good fellow, I did think thou hadst bin robd.

*Ski.* Rob'd, fir no, he that comes to rob me shal haue a hard match on't, yet two good fellows had like to bin rob'd by one tall theefe, had not I slept in: abots on him, I lost a hauke by him, & yet I car'd not to send another after him, so I could find the theefe; and here about he is. I know he is squatted. 2040

*Fau.* Sayst thou me so? we'll finde him by S. Mary.

An honest fellow, a good common wealths man.

*Io.* There are caues heereabout good fellow, are there not?

*Ski.* Yes fir, tread the ground fir, & you shal heare their hollownes, this way fir this way.

*Io.* Help Faukenbridge.

*Fau.* O help me good prince Iohn.

*Skin.* Ile helpe you both, deliuer fir deliuer, Swounds linger not: Prince Iohn put vp your purffe, or ile throw poniards downe vpon your pate. Quickly, when? I am Skink 2050  
that scapt ye yesternight, and fled the Fleete in your cloake, carrying mee cleane out of winde and raine. I broke the bonds and linkes that fettered your chaine amity, this cheate is mine: Farewel I cannot stay, sweet Prince, olde Knight, I thanke ye for this pray.

*Fau.* Gods mary mother, heer's a iest indeed,  
We came to take, a theefe takes vs:  
Where are ye good my Lord?

*Jo.* No matter where, I thinke I was fore-spoken at y<sup>e</sup> teate,  
This damn'd rogue seru'd me thus? Gloster and he 2060  
Vpon my life conclude in villany.

He was not wont to plot these stratagems,  
Lend me your hand a little, come away,  
Let's to the Cell againe, perchaunce the Hermit  
Is Skinke, and theefe, and Hermit al in one.

*Fau.* Mary a God then ten to one its so,  
Wel thought on Princely Iohn,  
He had my chayne, no doubt he had your swoord.

*Job.* If there be now no Hermit at the Cel, 2069  
Ile sweare by al the Saints its none but he.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gloster in the Hermits gowne, putting  
on the beard.* Sc. xiv

H

*Glo.* This

## A pleafant Commodity

*Glo.* This accident hath hit thy humour Glofter,  
From purfeuant ile turne a Hermit now.  
Sure he that keeps this Cell is a counterfeit,  
Elfe what does he heere with falfe hayre and beard?  
Well how fo care it be, Ile feeme to be  
The holy Hermit: for fuch fame there is,  
Of one accounted reuerend on this heath.

*Enter Skinke.*

2080

*Ski.* Ile faine vnto my cell, to my faire Lady,  
But Iohn and Faukenbridge are at my heeles.  
And fome od mate is got into my gowne,  
And walks deuoutly like my counterfeite,  
I cannot ftay to queftion with you now,  
I haue another gowne, and all things fit,  
Thefe guefts once rid, new mate? Ile bum, Ile marke you.

*Gl.* What's he a gods name? he is quickly gone,  
I am for him, were he Robin-good fellow,  
Whofe yonder the Prince Iohn and Faukenbridge?  
I thinke they haunt me like my *genii*,  
One good the other ill, by th'mas they pry  
And looke vpon me but fufpitioufly.

2090

*Io.* This is not Skinke, the Hermit is not Skinke:  
He is a learned reuerend holy man.

*Fau.* He is he is a very godly man.  
I warrant ye, he's at his booke at's prayers,  
Wee should haue tooke you, by my hollydam  
Euen for a very theefe.

(me fo,

*Glo.* Now God forfend fuch noblemen as you should geffe  
I neuer gaue fuch caufe for ought I knowe.

2100

*Job.* Yet thou didft tell vs Skinke should doe a robbery,  
Appoynted vs the place, and there we found him,

*Fau.* And he felt vs, for he hath rob'd vs both.

*Glo.* He's a lewd fellow, but he fhall be taken.

*Io.* I had rather heere of Glofter then of him.

*Glo* Glofter did cheat him, of the fame golde chaine,  
That deceiu'd Sir Richard Faukenbridge.  
He got your fword Prince Iohn: twa's he that faude  
The porter, and beguil'd the Purfeuant,

2110

*Job.* A

called Looke about you.

*Iob.* A vengauce on him.

*Glo.* Doo not curffe good Prince, he's bad enough, twere better pray for him.

*Jo.* Ile kill thee, and thou bid me pray for him.  
Ile fell woods, and ring thee round with fire,  
Make thee an offering vnto fierce reuenge,  
If thou haue but a thought to pray for him.

*Glo.* I am bound to pray for all men, chesely christians.

*Iob.* Ha ha, for christians, thinkst thou he is one?

For men: hast thou opinion he is a man?

2120

He that changes himselfe to sundry shapes,

Is he a christian? can he be a man?

O, Irreligious thoughts,

*Glo.* Why worthy Prince I saw him christened, dept into

*Jo.* Then nyne times like the northen laplanders, (the font  
He backward circled the sacred Font,  
And nyne times backward sayd his Orifons,  
As often curst the glorious hoast of heauen,  
As many times inuocke the fiends of hell,  
And so turn'd witch, for Gloster is a witch.

2130

*Glo.* Haue patient Gentle Prince, he shall appeare,  
Before your Kingly father speedily.

*Jo.* Shall he indeed? sweet comfort kisse thy cheekes,  
Peace circle in thy aged honoured head,  
When he is taken: Hermit I protest  
Ile build thee vp a chappell and a shrine:  
Ile haue thee worshipt, as a man deuine,  
Affure he shall come, and Skinke shall come.

*Glo.* I that fame Skinke, I prethee send that Skinke,

*Job.* Send both, and both as prifoners crimminate  
Shall forfeite their last liues to Englands state,  
Which way will Faukenbridge?

2140

*Fau.*ouer the water, and so with al speed I may to Stepney

*Jo.* I must to Stepney too, and reuile, and be blith,  
Olde winke at my mirth, t'may make amends,  
So thou, and I, and our friends, may be friends,

*Fau.* Withall my heart, withall my heart Prince,  
Olde Faukenbridge will waite vpon your grace,

A pleafant Commodity,

Be good to Glofter for my Marrians fake,  
And me and myne you fhall your feruants make, 2150

*Glo.* Of that anon my pleafure being feru'd,  
Glofter fhall haue what Glofter hath deferu'd.

*Fau.* Why, that's well faid, adew good honest Hermit, *Exit.*

*Io.* Hermit farwell, if I had my defire,  
Ile make the world thy wonderous deeds admire, *Exit.*

*Glo.* Still good, ftill paffing good, Glofter is ftill  
Henryes true hate, foe to Iohns froward will.

No more of that for them in better tyme,  
If this fame Hermit be an honest man,  
He will protect me by this fimple life, 2160

If not I care not, Ile be euer Glofter,  
Make him my foot stole if he be a flauē,  
For Bafeneffe ouer worth can haue no power.  
Robin be thinke thee, thou art come from Kings,  
Then fcorne to be flauē to vnderlings,  
Looke well about thee Lad and thou fhalt fee,  
Them burft in enuy that would iniure thee.

Hermit Ile meet you in your Hermits gowne,  
Honest, Ile loue you: worfe, Ile knocke you downe. *Exit.*

*Enter Prince Richard with muficke.*

*Sc. xv*

Kinde friends, wee haue troubled Lady Faukenbridge,  
And eyther ſhe's not willing to be ſeene,  
Or els not well: or with our boldneffe greu'd,  
To eaſe theſe I haue brought you to this window,  
Knowing your are in muficke excellent,  
I haue pend a ditty heere: and I deſire  
You would ſing it for her loue and my content,

2172

*Mufi.* With all my heart my Lord.

*Enter Robin Hood like the Lady.*

*Rob.* Your excellence forgets your Princely worth,  
If I may humbly craue it at your hands,  
Let me deſire this muficke be diſmiſt, 2180

*Ric.* For beare I pray and with draw your ſelues.  
Be not offended gracious Marrian, *Exeunt Muſicke.*  
Vnder the vpper heauen, nine goodly ſpheres,

Turne

called Looke about you.

Turne with a motion euer musically,  
In Pallaces of Kings, melodious founds,  
Offer pleasures to ther soueraignes eares.  
In Temples, milke white clothed queriftors,  
Sing sacred Anthemes bowing to the shrine, 2190  
And in the feelds whole quires of winged clarkes,  
Salutes the morning bright and Chrifitaline,  
Then blame not me, you are my heauen, my Queene,  
My faint, my comfort, brighter then the morne,  
To you all musicke, and all praife is due.  
For your delight you for delight was borne,  
The world wold haue no mirth, no ioy, no day,  
If from the world your beautie were away.

*Rob.* Fie on loues blafphemie and forgery,  
To call that in, thats onely misery, 2200  
I that am wedded to fufpicious age,  
Solicited by your lasciuious youth,  
I that haue one poore comforte liuing,  
Glofter my brother, my hie harted brother,  
He flies for feare, leaft he fhould faint and fall  
Into the hands of hate tirannicall.

*Ric.* What would you I fhould doe?

*Rob.* I would full faine, my brother Glofter had his peace  
again.

*Ric.* Shall loue be my reward if I doe bring 2210  
A certaine token of his good eftate,  
And after pacyfie my brothers wrath?  
Say you'l loue, we'l be fortunate,

*Rob.* I will.

*Rich.* No more, I vow to dye vnbleft  
If I performe not this inposed queft,  
But one word Madam pray can you tell,  
Where Huntington my ward is?

*Rob.* I was bold to fend yong Robin Hood your noble ward  
Vpon fome bufines of import for me. 2220

*Ri.* I am glad he is imployde in your affayres,  
Farewell kinde faire, let one cloudy frowne  
Shaddow the bright funne of thy beauties light.

A pleafant Commodity,  
Be confident in this, ile finde thy brother,  
Rayfe power but we'l haue peace, onely performe  
Your gracious promife at my backe returne.

*Rob.* Wel, heer's my hand, Prince Richard that fame night  
Which fecondeth the day of your returne,  
Ile be your bedfellow, and from that houre  
Forfwere the loathed bed of Faukenbridge: 2230  
Be speedy therefore, as you hope to fpeed.

*Ric.* O that I were as large wing'd as the winde,  
Then fould you fee my expeditious will:  
My moft defire, adew, gueffe by my hafte,  
Of your fweet promife the delicious tafte. *Exit.*

*Rob.* Why fo: I am rid of him by this deuife,  
He would elfe haue tyred me with his fighes and fongs,

*Enter Blocke.*

But now I fhall haue eafe, heere comes the Saint,  
To whom fuch fute was made. 2240

*Bl.* My Lady Gentlewoman is eue n heere in her priuitye  
walke, Madam heer's the Marchants wife was heere yester-  
day would fpeake with yee; O I was fomewhat bolde to  
bring her in.

*Ro.* Wel leaue vs fir; y'are welcome gentlewoman.

*Blo.* Thefe women haue no liberality in the world in them,  
I neuer let in man to my Lady, but I am rewarded.

*Rob.* Pleafe ye to walke fir? wherfore mumble ye?

*La.* Robin what newes? how haft thou done this night?

*Ro.* My Ladifhip hath done my part, my taske, 2250  
Lyne all alone for lacke of company,  
I might haue had Prince Richard,

*La.* Was he heere?

*Rob.* He went away but now; I haue bin lou'd & wood too  
God rid me of the woman once againe, (fimplly,  
Ile not be tempted fo for all the world,  
Come, wil you to your chamber and vncafe?

*La.* Nay keep my habit yet a little while,  
Olde Faukenbridge is almoft at the gate,  
I met him at Black heath iuft at the Hermits, 2260  
And taking me to be a Merchants wife,

Fell



called Looke about you.

Fell mightily in loue, gaue me his ring,  
Made me protest that I would meete him heere.  
I tolde him of his Lady, O tut quoth he,  
Ile shake her vp, ile packe her out of fight,  
He comes kinde Robin Hood, holde vp the iest.

*Enter Sir Rich. Faukenbridge and Blocke.*

*Fau.* Gods mary knaue, how long hath she bin heere?

*Blo.* Sir she came but euen in afore you.

*Fa.* A cunning queane, a very cunning queane, 2270  
Go to your busines Block, ile meete with her. (*wards. Exit.*

*Blo.* Ah old Muttonmounger I beleeeue heer's worke to-

*Fau.* Doe not beleeeue her Mall, doe not beleeeue her :

I onely spake a word or two in iest,  
But would not for the world haue bin so mad,  
Doe not beleeeue her Mall, doe not beleeeue her :

*Rob.* What should I not beleeeue? what doe you meane?

*La.* Why good Sir Richard, let me speake with you,  
Alas wil you vndoe me? wil you shame me?  
Is this your promise? came I heere for this? 2280  
To be a laughing stocke vnto your Lady

*Rob.* How now Sir Richard, what's the matter there?

*Fa.* Ile talke with you anon, come hyther woman?  
Didst not tel my wife what match we made:?

*La.* I tel your wife? thinke ye I am such a beast?  
Now God forgiue ye, I am quite vndone.

*Fau.* Peace duck, peace ducke, I warrant al is wel.

*Rob.* What's the matter? I pray ye fir Richard tell me?

*Fau.* Mary Mall thus, about some twelue monthes since, 2290  
Your brother Gloster, that mad prodigall,  
Cauf'd me to passe my word vnto her husband,  
For some two thousand pound: or more perchaunce,  
No matter what it is, you shall not know,  
Nay ye shal neuer aske to know.

*Rob.* And what of this?

*Fau.* Mary the man's decayde,  
And I beleeeue a little thing would please her;  
A very little thing, a thing of nothing.  
Goe in good Mall, and leaue vs two alone,

Ile

## A pleasant Commodity

Ile deale with ye as simply as I can.

2300

*La.* Fox looke about ye, ye are caught yfaith.

*Rob.* Deale with her simply, ô ho; what kinde of dealing?  
Can ye not deale with her and I be by?

*Fau.* Mary a God, what are ye ielalous?  
Ye teach me what to doe: in, get you in.

O I haue heard Prince Richard was your guesst,

How dealt you than? In get you in I say,

Must I take care about your brothers debts,

And you stand crossing me, in, or ile send you in. *Exit Robin.*

Ha firra, you'l be master, you'l weare the yellow,

2310

You'l be an ouer-seer: mary shal yee.

*La.* Ye are too curst (methinkes fir) to your Lady;

*Fau.* Ah wench content thee, I must beare her hard,  
Else she'l be prining into my dalliances:

I am an olde man sweet girle I must be merry,

All Steele, al spright, keep in health by change,

Men may be wanton, wouen must not range.

*La.* You haue giuen good counsel fir, ile repent me,  
Heer's your ring, ile onely loue my husband.

*Fau.* I meane not so, I thinke to day thou toldes me  
Thy husband was an vnthrift, and a bankrout,

2320

And he be so, tut thou hast fauour store,

Let the knaue beg, beauty cannot be poore.

*La.* Indeed my husband is a bankrout,  
Of faith, of loue, of shame, of chastity,  
Dotes vpon other women more then me.

*Fau.* Ha doe he so? then giue him tit for tat,  
Haue one so young and faire, and loues another,  
He's worthy to be cockkolded by the masse.

What is he olde or young?

2330

*La.* About your age.

*Fa.* An old knaue and cannot be content with such a peate,  
Come to my clofet girle, make much of me,  
We'll appoint a meeting place some twife a weake,  
And ile maintaine thee like a Lady, ha?

*La.* O but you'll forget me presently,  
When you looke well vpon your Ladies beauty.

*Fau.* Who

called Looke about you.

*Fau.* Who vpon her? why she is a very dowdy,  
A dishclout, a foule lipfie vnto thee,  
Come to my cloffet lasse, there take thy earnest  
Of loue, of pleasure and good maintenaunce. 2340

*La.* I am very fearefull.

*Fau.* Come foole neuer feare I am Lord heare, who shall  
disturb as then?

Nay come, or by the rood Ile make you come,

*La.* Help Madam Faukenbridge for gods sake.

*Enter Robin Hood and Blocke.*

*Fau.* How now, what meanst?

*La.* Help Gentle Madam help,

*Rob.* How now what aylst thou? 2350

*Bloc.* Nay and't be a woman, nere feare my master Madam

*La.* Why speakst thou not, what aylst thou?

*Fau.* Why nothing, by the rood nothing she ayls.

*La.* O Madam this vile man would haue abused me,  
And forst me to his cloffet,

*Rob.* Ah olde cole, now looke about, you are catcht,

*La.* Call in your fellowes blocke,

*Fa.* Doe not thou knaue,

*La.* Doe or Ile cracke your crowne,

*Blo.* Nay Ile doo't, I knowe she meanes to shame you. *Exit.* 2360

*Fau.* Why Mall wilt thou beleue this paultrie woman?  
Hufwife Ile haue you whipt for flaundring me.

*Ro.* What Leacher, no she is an honest woman,  
Her husband's well knowne, all the household knowes.

*Blo.* Heer's some now, to tell all the towne your mynd,

*La.* Before ye all I must sure complaine,  
You see this wicked man, and ye all knowe  
How oft he hath byn Iealous of my life,  
Suspecting falshood being false himselfe;

*Blo.* O maister, O maister, 2370

*Fau.* She flaunders me. she is a cousoning queane,  
Fetch me the Constable, Ile haue her punisht,

*La.* The Constable for me fie, fie vpon ye.  
Madam do you know this ring?

*Rob.* It is fir Richards.

## A pleafant Commodity

*Bl.* O I, that's my mafters too fure.

*Fau.* I mary, I did lend it to the falfe drab  
To fetch fome money for that bankrout knaue  
Her husband, that lyes prifoner in the Fleete.

*La.* My husband bankrout? my husband in the Fleete prifo- 2380  
No, no, he is as good a man as you. (ner?)

*Rob.* I that he is, and can fpend pound for pound  
With thee yfaith, wert richer then thou art,  
I know the gentleman.

*La.* Nay Madam he is hard by, there muft be Reuelles at the  
Hinde to night;

Your copefmate there, Prince Iohn.

*Rob.* Ther's a hot youth.

*Bl.* O, a fierce Gentleman.

*La.* He was fierce as you, but I haue matcht him, 2390  
The Princeffe fhall be there in my attyre.

*Fau.* A plaguy crafty queane, mary a God  
I fee Prince Iohn, coorted as well as I,  
And fince he fhall be mockt as well as I,  
Its fome contentment.

*Bl.* Maffe he droopes, fellow Humphrey, he is almoft taken,  
Looke about ye old Richard?

*Fau.* Hence knaues, get in a little, prethee Mall  
Let thou and I and fhe, shut vp this matter.

*Rob.* Away firs, get in.

*Bl.* Come, come let's goe, he wil be baited now, farewel old 2400

*Rob.* Now fir, what fay you now? (Richard. *Exit*

*Fa.* Mary fweet Mall I fay I met this woman, likt her, lou'd  
For fhe is worthy loue I promife thee; (her,  
I fay I coorted her: tut make no braule  
Twixt thou and I, we'l haue amends for all.

*Ro.* Had I done fuch a tricke, what then? what then?

*Fau.* Ah prethee Mall, tut beare with men.

*Rob.* I, we muft beare with you; you'l be excuf'd,  
When women vnderferued are abus'd. 2410

*Fau.* Nay doe not weep, pardon me gentle Lady,  
I know thee vertuous, and I doo proteft,  
Neuer to haue an euill thought of thee.

*Rob.* I

called Looke about you.

*Rob.* I, I, ye fweare, who's that that will beleue ye?

*Fau.* Now by my holydam and honest faith,  
This Gentlewoman shall witnes what I fweare.  
Sweet Ducke a little help me?

*La.* Trust him Madam.

*Fau.* I will be kinde, credulous, constant euer,  
Doe what thou wilt, ile be suspitious neuer. 2420

*Ro.* For which I thanke noble Faukenbridge.

*Fau.* Body of me who's this? yong Huntington?

*La.* And I your Lady whome you coorted last,  
Ye lookt about you ill, foxe we haue caught ye,  
I met ye at Blacke heath, and ye were hot.

*Fau.* I knew thee Mall, now by my swoord I knew thee,  
I winkt at all, I laught at euery iest.

*Rob.* I, he did winke, the blinde man had an eye.

*Fa.* Peace Robin, thou't once be a man as I.

*La.* Well, I must beare it all. 2430

*Fa.* Come, & ye beare, its but your office, come forget sweet

*La.* I doe forgiue it, and forget it fir. (Mall.

*Fa.* Why that's well said, that's done like a good girle :  
Ha firra, ha you matcht me pretty Earle?

*Rob.* I haue, ye see fir I must vnto Blacke heath,  
In quest of Richard, whom I sent to seeke  
Earle Gloster out, I know he's at the Hermits ;  
Lend me your Coach ; Ile shift me as I ride,  
Farewell fir Richard.

*Exit.*

*Fau.* Farewell Englands pride, by the mattins Mall it is a 2440  
pretty childe ;

Shall we goe meete Iohn? shall we goe mocke the Prince?

*La.* We will.

*Fa.* O then we shall haue sport anon,  
Neuer weare yellow Mall, twas but a tricke,  
Olde Faukenbridge wil stil be a mad Dicke. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Redcap and Gloster.*

*Sc. xvi*

*Red.* Doe ye f f f say fa fa father Hermit, th that Gl Gloster is  
about this Heath?

*Glo.* He is vpon this Heath, Sonne looke about it, 2450  
Run but the compasse, thou shalt finde him out,

## A pleafant Commodity

*Red.* R r run? ile r run the co compaffe of all k Kent but Ile f finde him out, my f f father (where ere hee layes his head) dare ne neuer co come home I know, t t till hee bee fo fo found.

*Gl.* Wel thou fhalt find him, knowft thou who's a hunting?

*Red.* M m mary tis the Earles of La La Lancafter and Le Leyfter. Fa fa farewell f father, and I finde Skink or Glo Glofter, Ile g g giue thee the pr prife of a penny p p pudding for thy p paines.

2460

*Glo.* Adew good friend: this is fure the fellow I fent on meffage from the Parliament.  
The Porters fonne, he's ftill in queft of me,  
And Skinke that coufoned him of his red cap.

*Enter Richard like a Seruing man.*

But looke about thee Glofter, who comes yonder?  
O a plaine feruingman, & yet perhaps his bags are lyn'd,  
And my purffe now growes thin: if he haue any I mult share

*Enter Skinke like a Hermit.* (with him.

And who's on yond fide? O it is my Hermit,  
Hath got his other fute fince I went foorth.

2470

*Ski.* Sblood yonder's company, ile backe againe,  
Elfe I would be with you counterfeite,  
Ile leaue the rogue till opportunity,  
But neuer eate till I haue quit my wrong.

*Exit*

*Ric.* I faw two men attend like holy Hermits,  
One's flipt away, the other at his beades,  
Now Richard for the loue of Marian,  
Make thy inquiry where mad Glofter liues.  
If England or the verge of Scotland holde him,  
Ile feeke him thus difguif'd: if he be paff  
To any forraigne part; ile follow him.

2480

Loue thou art Lord of hearts, thy lawes are fweet,  
In euery troubled way, thou guidft our feete.  
Louers inioyn'd to paffe the daungerous Sea  
Of big fwolne forrow, in the Barke affection;  
The windes and waues of woe need neuer feare,  
While Loue, the helme doth like a Pylate fteare.

*Glo.* Heer's fome louer come, a mifchiefe on him,

called Looke about you.

I know not how to answere these mad fooles,  
But ile be brieve, ile marre the Hermits tale ;  
Off gowne, holde Buckler, slice it billbowe blade. 2490

*Ric.* What's this ? what should this meane ? old man, good

*Glo.* Young foole deliuer else see your end. (friend

*Ric.* I thought thou hadst been holy and a Hermit.

*Glo.* What ere you thought, your pursse ? come quickly fir ?  
Cast that vpon the ground, and then conferre.

*Ric.* There it is.

*Glo.* Falles it so heauy ? then my heart is light.

*Ric.* Thou't haue a heauy heart before thou touch it, 2500  
Theft shrinde in holy weedes ? stand to't y'are best.

*Glo.* And if I doe not, seeing such a pray,  
Let this be to me a disaster day.

*Ric.* Art thou content to breath ? *Fight & part once or twice*

*Glo.* With al my heart, take halfe thy money & we'l friend-

*Ric.* I will not cherish theft. (ly part.

*Glo.* Then I defye thee. *Fight againe and breath.*

*Ric.* Alas for pittie, that so stout a man,  
So reuerend in aspect, should take this course.

*Glo.* This is no common man with whom I fight, 2510  
And if he be, he is of wondrous spright,  
Shall we part stakes ?

*Ric.* Fellow take the pursse vpon condition thou wilt fol-

*Glo.* What waite on you ? weare a turn'd Liuary ? (low me ?  
Whose man's your master ? If I be your man,  
My mans mans office will be excellent :

There lyes your pursse againe, win it and weare it. *Fight.*

*Enter Robin Hood, they breath, offer againe.*

*Rob.* Clashing of weapons at my welcome hyther ?  
Bickring vpon Blacke-heath, well said olde man, 2520  
Ile take thy side, the yonger hath the oddes.  
Stay, end your quarrell, or I promise ye  
Ile take the olde mans part.

*Ric.* You were not wont yong Huntington, stil on Richards

*Rob.* Pardon gracious Prince I knew ye not. (side

*Gl.* Prince Richard : then lye enuy at his foote,  
Pardon thy coulsen Gloster, valiant Lord,

## A pleasant Commodity

I knew no common force confronted myne,  
O heauen I had the like conſeite of thine.

*Ric.* I tell thee Robin Gloſter thou art met,  
Bringing ſuch comfort vnto Richards heart,  
As in the foyle of warre when duſt and ſweat,  
The thirſt of weake, and the Sunnes fiery heate,  
Haue ſeazd vppon the ſoule of valiaunce,  
And he muſt faint except he be refreſht,  
To me thou comſt as if to him ſhould come,  
A perry from the North, whoſe froſtie breath  
Might fan him coolneſſe in that doubt of death.  
With me then meets, as he a ſpring might meet,  
Cooling the earth vnder his toyle partcht feet,  
Whoſe chriſtall moyſture in his Helmit taine,  
Comforts his ſpyrits, makes him ſtrong againe.

2530

2540

*Glo.* Prince, in ſhort termes if you haue brought me com-  
fort  
Know if I had my pardon in this hand  
That ſmit baſe Skinke in open Parliament,  
I would not come to Court, till the high feaſt  
Of your proud brothers birth day be expyred,  
For as the olde King as he made a vow  
At his vnluckie Coronation,  
Muſt waite vpon the boy and fill his cuppe,  
And all the Pieres muſt kneele while Henry knees  
Vnto his cradle; he ſhall hang me vp,  
Eare I commit that vile Idolatrie.

2550

But when the feaſt is paſt if you'll befrend me,  
Ile come and braue my proud foes to their teeth,

*Ric.* Come Robin, and if my brothers grace denye,  
Ile take thy parte, them and their threatcs deſye,

*Glo.* Gramercy Princly Dicke,

*Rob.* I haue ſome power, I can rayſe two thouſand Soldiers  
in an hower,

2560

*Glo.* Gramercy Robin, gramercy little wag,  
Prince Richard, pray let Huntington  
Carry my ſiſter Faukenbridge this ring,

*Ric.* Ile carry it my ſelfe, but I had rather  
Had thy kinde company, thou mightſt haue mou'd

Thy



called Looke about you.

Thy Sifter, whome I long haue vainely lou'd,

*Glo.* I like her that she shunes temptation  
Prince Richard, but I beare with doting louers,  
I should not take it well, that you vrge me  
To such an office: but I beare with you,  
Loue's blindand mad, hie to her boldly, try her;  
But if I know she yeeld, faith Ile defie her,

2570

*Ric.* I like thy honorable resolution,  
Gloster I pray thee pardon my intreate,

*Glo.* its mens custome; part part Gentle Prince,  
Farwell good Robin, this gold I will borrow,  
Meet you at stepney pay you all to morrow,

*Rob.* A dew Gloster,

*Gl.* Farwell, be short; you gone, I hope to haue a little sport

*Ric:* Take heed mad Cuz.

*Exeunt.* 2580

*Glo.* Tut tell not me of heed,

He that's too wray neuer hath good speed.

*Hollowing within, Enter Lanc. with a broken staffe in his hand.*

Whose this old Lancaster my honoured frend?

*Lan.* These knaues haue seru'd me well, left me alone,  
I haue hunted fairely, lost my purse, my chaine,  
My Iewels, and bin bangd hy a bold knaue,  
Clad in a Hermits gowne like an olde man,  
O what a world is this? *Glo.* Its ill my Lord.

*Lan.* Hee's come againe, O knaue tis the worse for thee, 2590  
Keepe from me, be content with that thou hast,  
And see thou flie this heath, for if I take thee,  
Ile make thee to all theeues aspectacle,  
Had my staffe held, thou hadst not scaped me so,  
But come not neare me, follow not thou art best,  
Holla, Earle Leyster, holla Huntsman hoe?

*Glo.* Vppon my life, old Lancaster a Hunting,  
Hath met my fellow Hermit, could I meet him,  
Ide play rob theefe, at least part stakes with him.

*Skin.* Zounds he is yonder alone,

2600

*Enter Redcap with a cudgell.*

Skinke now reuenge thy selfe on yonder slaue,  
Znayles still preuented? this same Redcap rogue

Runs

## A pleafant Commodity

Runs like hob-goblin vp and downe the heath.

*Red.* Wh wh wh whope He Hermit, ye ha ha ma ma made  
Re Redcap run a fine co co compaffe, ha haue you not?

*Ski.* I made thee run?

*Glo.* Younders my euill Angell, were redcap gone, Glofter  
would coniure him.

*Red.* Ie Ie Iefus bl bleffe me, whop to to two Hermits? Ile 2610  
ca ca caperclaw to to tone of yee, for mo mo mocking me,  
and I d d doo not ha ha hang me: wh wh which is the fa fa  
falle k k k knaue? for I am f f fure the olde He He Hermit wo  
would neuer mo mocke an honest man.

*Glo.* he is the counterfet he mockt thee fellow.  
I did not fee thee in my life before,  
He weares my garments, and has couffoned me,

*Red.* Haue you co co coufoned the he Hermit and m made  
Redcap run to no pu pu purpofe?

*Ski.* No he's counterfet I will tell no lyes, 2620  
As fure as Skinke deceiu'd thee of thy clothes,  
Sent thee to Kent, gaue thee thy fare by water,  
So fure hee's falfe, and I the perfet Hermit,

*Glo.* This villaine is a coniurer I doubt,  
Were he the deuill yet I would not budge,

*Red.* Si fi firra, you are the co countefeite, O this is the tr tr  
true He Hermit, fta fta ftand ftill g good man at that, ile bu  
bumbaft you yfaith, ile make you g giue the olde m m man  
his gowne.

*Offers to ftrike, Glofter trippes vp his heeles, fhifts Skinke 2630*  
*into his place.*

G g gods lid are ye go good at that? ile cu cudgell yee f f for  
this tr tr tricke.

*Ski.* It was not I twas he that caft thee downe,

*Red.* You li li li lye you ra ra rafcall you, I le left ye ft ftan-  
ding he heare.

*Ski.* Zounds hold you ftammerer, or Ile cut your ftumps.

*Gl.* He's for me he's weapon'd, I like that.

*Red.* O heer's a ro ro rogue in ca ca carnat, help, mu murder  
murder. 2640

*Enter Lancaster & Huntsmen at one doore, Leyfter & Huntsmen*  
*at another. Lan. Lay*

called Looke about you.

*Lan.* Lay holde vpon that theeuiſh counterfeit,

*Ley.* Why heares another Hermit Lancaſter :

*Glo.* I am the Hermit fir, that wretched man

Doth many a robberie in my diſguiſe :

*Skin.* Its he that robs, he flaunders me, he lies.

*Lan.* Which ſet on thee ?

*Red.* Th this fffellow has a fffword and a buckler.

*Lan.* Search him ; this is the theefe, o heares my purſe, 2650

My chaine, my Iewels : oh thou wicked wretch,

How darſt thou vnder ſhow of holines,

Commit ſuch actions of impietie ?

Bind him, Ile haue him made a publicke ſcorne.

*Ski.* Lay holde vpon that other hermit.

He is a counterfeit as well as I,

He ſtole thoſe clothes from me, for I am Skinke,

Search him, I know him not, he is ſome flaue.

*Glo.* Thou lyeſt baſe varlet.

*Re.* O g God he has a ſword too, S Skink are you ca catcht ? 2660

*Lan.* Villaine thou ſhalt with me vnto the Court.

*Ley.* And this with me, this is the traytor Gloſter.

*Glo.* Thou lyeſt proud Leyſter I am no traytor.

*Re.* G gloſter ? O b braue, now m my father ſh ſhal be f free

*Lan.* Earle Gloſter I am ſorry thou art taken.

*Glo.* I am not taken yet, nor will I yeild

To any heare but noble Lancaſter,

Let Skinke be Leyſters priſoner Ile be thine.

*Ley,* Thou ſhalt be mine.

*Gl.* Firſt through a crimſon fluce, Ile ſend thy hated foule 2670

to thoſe blacke fiendes

That long haue houered gaping for their parte,

When tyrant life ſhould leaue thy traytor heart.

Come Lancaſter keep Skinke ile goe with thee,

Let looſe the mad knaue, for I prayſe his ſhifts,

He ſhall not ſtarte away, ile be his guide,

And with proude looks outface young Henries pride.

*Ley.* Looke to them Lancaſter vpon thy life.

*Red.* Well ile r r run and get a p pardon of the K K K King,  
Gl Gloſter and Skinke ta ta taken ? O b b braue, r r r run re 2680

K

Re

## A pleafant Commodity

Re Red ca cap a and ca ca cary the firft n n newes to co co court.

*Ley.* Lancafter ile helpe to guarde them to the Court.

*Lan.* Doe as you pleafe.

*Glo.* Leyfter doe not come neare me, for if thou doe, thou fhalt buy it dearely.

*Ley.* Ile haue thy hand for this.

*Glo.* Not for thy heart.

*Ski.* Braue Earle, had Skinke knowne thou hadft been the Noble Glofter (whofe mad trickes haue made mee loue <sup>2690</sup> thee) I would haue dy'd Blacke heath red with the bloud of millions, ere we would haue been taken; but what remedy, we are faft & muft anfwere it like Gentlemen, like Souldiers, like refolutes.

*Gl.* I ye are a gallant, come olde Lancafter,  
For thy fake will I goe; or elfe by heauen  
Ide fend fome dozen of thefe flaues to hel.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince Richard, Robert Hoope & Lady Faukenbridge. Sc. xvii*

*La.* Your trauaile and your comfortable newes,  
This Ring, the certaine figne you met with him, 2700  
Bindes me in duetyous loue vnto your grace:  
But on my knees I fall, and humbly craue,  
Importune that no more, you nere can haue.

*Ric.* Nay then ye wrong me Lady Faukenbridge,  
Did you not ioyn your faire white hand?  
Swore that ye would forfwear your husbands bed,  
If I could but finde out Glofter?

*La.* I fweare fo? *Ric.* By heauen

*Rob.* Take heed, its a high oath my Lord.

*Ric.* What meanft thou Huntington? 2710

*Ro.* To faue your foule, I doe not loue to haue my friends  
She neuer promift that you vrge her with. (forfworne,

*Ric.* Goe to, prouoke me not.

*Rob.* I tell you true, twas I in her attyre that promift you,  
She was gone vnto the wizard at Blacke heath,  
And there had futers more then a good many.

*Ric.* Was I deluded then?

*La.* No

called Looke about you.

*La.* No not deluded, but hindred from defire vnchast and  
O let me wooe yee with the tougue of ruth, (rude :  
Dewing your Princely hand with pitties teares, 2720  
That you would leaue this most vnlawful fute,  
If ere we liue till Faukenbridge be dead,  
(As God defend his death I should defire)  
Then if your highnes daine so base a match,  
And holy lawes admit a mariage,  
Confidering our affinity in bloud,  
I will become your Handmayde not your harlot.  
That shame shall neuer dwell vpon my brow.

*Rob.* Ifaith my Lord she's honorably resolu'd,  
For shame no more, importune her no more. 2730

*Ri.* Marian I see thy vertue, and commend it,  
I know my error seeking thy dishonor,  
But the respectlesse, reasonles commaund  
Of my inflamed loue, bids me still try,  
And trample vnder foote all pietye.  
Yet for I will not seeme too impyous,  
Too inconsiderate of thy seeming grieffe,  
Vouchsafe to be my Mistris: vse me kindly,  
And I protest ile striue with all my power,  
That lust himselfe may in his heate deuour. 2740

*La.* You are my seruant then.

*Ric.* Thankes sacred Mistresse.

*Ro.* What am I?

*La.* You are my fellow Robert.

*Enter Faukenbridge in his hose and dublet.*

*Fau.* What Prince Richard? noble Huntington?  
Welcome, yfaith welcome, by the morrow Masse  
You are come as fitly as my heart can wish:  
Prince Iohn this night will be a Reueller,  
He hath inuited me and Marian. 2750  
Gods mary mother goe along with vs,  
Its but hard by, close by, at our towne Tauerne.

*Ric.* Your Tauerne?

*Fau.* O I I I tis his owne made match,  
Ile make you laugh, ile make you laugh yfaith;

A pleafant Commodity,

Come, come, he's ready, O come, come away.

*La.* But wher's the Princeffe?

*Fa.* He's ready too, Block Bl. my man, muſt be her waiting  
Nay wil ye goe? for gods fake let vs goe. (man,

*Ri.* Is the ieſt ſo? nay then let vs away. 2760

*Rob.* O twill allay his heate, make dead his fire.

*Fau.* Ye bob'd me firſt, ye firſt gaue me my hyre,  
But come agods name, Prince Iohn ſtayes for vs. *Exeunt.*

*Rob.* This is the word, euer at ſpend-thriftes feaſtes,  
They are guld themſelues, and ſcoſt at by their gueſts. *Exit.*

*Enter Iohn.*

*Sc. xviii*

*Iob.* Buffild and ſcoſt, Skinke, Gloſter, women, fooles, and  
boyes abuſe me?

Ile be reueng'd,

*Ric.* Reueng'd, and why good childe? 2770

Olde Faukenbridge hath had a worſer baſting.

*Fa.* I, they haue banded from chaſe to chaſe;  
I haue been their tennis ball, ſince I did coort,

*Ric.* Come Iohn, take hand with vertuous Iſabell,  
And lets vnto the Court like louing friends,  
Our Kingly brothers birth daies feaſtiuall,  
Is foorthwith to be kept, thether we'l hye,  
And grace with pompe that great ſolemnity.

*Jo.* Whether ye wil, I care not where I goe:  
If grieſe wil grace it, ile adorne the ſhew. 2780

*Fa.* Come Madam, we muſt thither, we are bound.

*La.* I am loath to ſee the Court, Gloſter being from thence,  
Or kneele to him that gaue vs this offence.

*Fa.* Body of me peace woman, I prethee peace.

*Enter Redcap.*

*Red.* Go go god ye, go god ſ ſpeed ye,

*Iob.* Whether run you ſir knaue?

*Red.* R r run ye ſir knaue? why I r run to my La Lady Fa Fau-  
kenbridge, to te te tell her Sk Skinke and Gl Gloſter is t ta-  
ken, and are g g one to the C C Court with L Lord Leyſter, 2790  
and L Lord la la Lancaſter.

*Io.* Is Gloſter taken? thether will I flye  
Vpon wraths wings, not quiet til he dye. *Exit with Princſſe*

*Ri.* Is

called Looke about you.

*Rich.* Is Gloster taken?

*Red:* I he is ta taken I wa warrant ye with a wi witnes,

*Ric.* Then will I to Court, & eyther fet him free, or dye the  
Follow me Faukenbridge, feare not faire Madam: (death,  
You said you had the Porter in your house,  
Some of your seruants bring him, on my life  
One hayre shal not be taken from his head,  
Nor he, nor you, nor Gloster iniured.

2800

*Fa.* Come Mall, and Richard say the word nere feare.

*Ro.* Madam, we haue twenty thousand at our call,  
The most, young Henry dares, is but to braule.

*La:* Pray God it prooue so. (Porter.

*Ric:* Follow Huntington: fir Rich. doe not faile to fend the

*Fa:* Blocke, bring the Porter of the Fleete to Court.

*Bl.* I wil fir.

*Red:* The p p Porter of the fl fl Fleete to Court? what p p  
porter of the fl fl Fleete?

2810

*Blo.* What Redcap, run redcap, wilt thou see thy father?

*Red.* My fa father? I that I w wold f see my f father, & there  
be a p porter in your ho house, its my f father.

*Bl.* Follow me Redcap then.

*Exit.*

*Red.* And you were two to twenty b Blockes, ide f f follow  
ye f fo I would, and r run to the co co court too, and k kneele  
before the k k King f f for his pa pardon.

*Block within.* Come away Redcap, run Redcap.

*Red.* I I I r r run as f f fast as I I ca ca can run I wa warrant  
yee.

2820

*Enter a Sinet, first two Heraldes, after them Leyster with a Sc. xix*  
*Scepter, Lancaster with a Crowne Imperiall on a cushion: After*  
*them Henry the elder bareheaded, bearing a sword and a Globe:*  
*after him young Henry Crowned: Elinor the mother Queene*  
*Crowned: young Queene Crowned. Henry the elder places his*  
*Sonne, the two Queenes on eyther hand, himselfe at his feete,*  
*Leyster and Lancaster below him.*

*Hen.* Herrald, fetch Lancaster and Leyster Coronets,  
Suffer no Marqueffe, Earle, nor Countesse enter,

A pleafant Commodity,

Except their temples circled are in golde, 2830

*He deliuers Coronets to Leyfter and Lancafter.*

Shew them our vize-roys: by our will controld

As at a cornation, euery Peere

Appeares in all his pompe, fo at this feaft

Held for our birth-right, let them be adorn'd.

Let Glofter be brought in, crown'd like an Earle, *Exit*

This day we'll haue no parley of his death,

But talke of Iouifanes and gleefull mirth.

Let Skinke come in, giue him a Barons feat,

High is his fpirrit, his deserts are greate, 2840

*Kin.* You wrong the honour of Nobilitie,

To place a robber in a Barons ftead,

*Quee.* Its well ye tearme him not a murtherer.

*Kin.* Had I miftearmed him?

*Quee.* I that had you Henry.

He did a peece of Iuftice at my Bidding.

*Kin.* Who made you a Iuftice?

*Hen.* I that had the power. *Kin.* You had none then.

*Enter Glofter and Skinke.*

*Ley.* Yes he was crownd before. 2850

*Hen.* Why does not Glofter weare a Coronet?

*Glo.* Because his Soueraigne doth not weare a Crowne.

*Hen.* By heauen put on thy Coronet, or that heauen

Which now with a clear, lends vs this light,

Shall not be courtain'd with the vaile of night,

Eare on thy head I clap a burning Crowne,

Of red hot Yron that fhall feare thy braines.

*Ri.* Good Glofter Crowne thee with thy Coronet.

*Lan.* Doo gentle Earle.

*Skin.* Swounds doo, would I had one. 2860

*Qu.* Doo not I prethee keepe thy proud heart ftill.

*Glo.* Ile weare it but to croffe thy froward will.

*Hen.* Sit downe and take thy place.

*Glo.* Its the low earth.

To her I muft, from her I had my breath.

*Hen.* We are pleaf'd thou fhalt fit there, Skinke take thy  
place among my nobles.

*Enter*



called Looke about you.

*Enter Iohn and Ifabell with Coronets.*

*Ski.* Thankes to King Henries grace.

*Io.* Iohn Earle of Morton and of Notingham,  
With Ifabell his Countesse, bow themselues  
Before their brother Henries Royall Throane. 2870

*Hen.* Affend your seats liue in our daily loue.

*Enter Richard, and Robert with Coronts.*

*Ric.* Richard the Prince of England, with his Ward  
The noble Robert Hood, Earle Huntington,  
Present their seruice to your Maieftie.

*Hen.* Y'are welcome too, though little be your loue.

*Enter Faukenbridge with his Lady, she a Coronet*

*Fa.* Olde Richard Faukenbridge, Knight of the crosse,  
Lord of the Cinque ports, with his noble wife  
Dame Marrian Countesse of west Hereford,  
Offer their duties at this Royall meeting. 2880

*Hen.* Sit downe, thou art a newter, she a foe,  
Thy loue we doubt, her hart too well we know.  
What futors are without, let them come in.

*Glo.* And haue no Iustice where contempt is King.

*Hen.* Mad man I giue no care to thy loose words.

*Jo.* O fir y'are welcome, you haue your old seat.

*Glo.* Though thou sit hier yet my heart's as great. 2890

*Que.* Great heart wee'll make you lesser by the head.

*Glo.* Ill comes not euer to the threatned.

*Enter Blocke and Redcap.*

*Hen.* What are you two?

*Red.* M ma mary and't please you I am re re Redcap.

*Hen.* And what's your mate?

*Blo.* A poore Porter fir.

*Ioh.* The Porter of the fleet that was condemned.

*Blo.* No truely fir I was Porter last, when I left  
The doore open at the Tauerne. 2900

*Io.* O ist you fir?

*Ley.* And what would you two haue?

*Red.* I co co come to re re re qui quier the young K K King  
of his go goo goodnes, since Glo Gloster is t t aken, that he  
wo wo would let my fa fa father haue his pa pa pardon.

*Hen.* Sirra

## A pleasant Commodity

*Hen.* Sirra your father has his pardon sign'd,  
Go to the office it shall be deliuered.

*Red.* And shall he be p p Porter a ga gaine?

*Hen.* I that he shall, but let him be aduif'd  
Heerafter, how lets out prifoners.

2910

*Red.* I wa warrant ye my Lord.

*Hen.* What haft thou more to fay?

*Red.* Marry I wo would haue Skinke pu punisht for co co  
Cunnicatching me.

*Ley.* Is that your bufines?

*Red.* I by my t t troth is it.

*Hen.* Then get away.

*Glo.* A gainst Skinke (poore knaue)  
Thou gets no right this day.

*Blo.* O but run backe Redcap for the Purfeuant.

2920

*Red.* O l Lord f fir, I haue another f fute for the p p Purfe-  
uant, that has l l loft his b b box, and his wa wa warrant.

*Hen.* What meanes the fellow?

*Red.* Why the pu pu Purfeuant fir and the po po Porter.

*Glo.* The box that I had from him, there it is.

*Fau.* Mary a me, and I was chargd with it.  
Had you it brother Glofter? Gods good mercy,

*Hen.* And what haue you to fay?

*Bl.* Nothing fir but God bleffe you, you are a goodly com-  
pany, except fir William or my Lady wil command me any 2930  
more seruice.

*Fau.* Away you prating knaue, hence varlet, hence. *Exit.*

*Ley.* Put forth them fellowes there.

*Red.* A f fo fore I go goe I b b be f f feeche you let Sk Skinke  
and gl Glofter be lo lo looked too, for they haue p p playd  
the k k knaues to to to b b bad.

*Hen.* Take hence that stuttering fellow, shut them forth.

*Red.* Nay Ile ru ru run, faith you shall not n n need to b b b  
bid him ta ta take m me away, for re re Redcap will r ru run  
rarely.

*Exit.* 2940

*Hen.* The fundrie misdeemeanors late committed,  
As theftes and shifts in other mens disguise,  
We now must (knaue Skinke) freely tell thy faults.

*Skin.* Sweet

called Looke about you.

*Skin.* Sweet King by these two terrors to myne enemies,  
that lend light to my bodies darknes: Caulero Skinke  
being beleagerd with an hoste of leaden heeles, arm'd in  
ring Irish: cheated my hammerer of his Red cap and Coate;  
was surpris'd, brought to the fleet as a person suspected, past  
currant, till Gloster stript me from my counterfet, clad my  
backe in filke and my hart in sorrow, and so left me to the 2950  
mercy of my mother witt: how Prince Iohn releast me, he  
knowes: howe I got Faukenbridges chaine, I know: but  
how he will get it againe, I know not.

*Fau.* Where is it firra, tell me where it is?

*Glo.* I got it from him, and I got Iohns sword,

*Job.* I would twere to the hilts vp in thy harte.

*Ric.* O be more charitable brother Iohn.

*Ley.* My Leidge, you need not by perticulars  
Examine what the world knows too plaine,  
If you will pardon Skinke, his life is sau'd,  
If not, he is conuicted by the Law.

2960

For Gloster: as you worthyly resoul'd,  
First take his hand, and afterward his head.

*Hen.* Skinke thou hast life, our pardon and our loue.

*Ski.* And your forgienesse for my robbery?

*Jo.* Tut neuer trouble me with such a toy.  
Thou hindrest me from hearing of my ioye.

*Hen.* Bring forth a blocke, wine, water and towell,  
Kniues, and a Surgion to binde vp the vaines,  
Of Glosters arme: when his right hand is off,  
His hand that strooke Skinke at the Parlament:

2970

*Sk.* I shall beare his blowes to my graue my Lord.

*Kim.* Sonne Henry see thy fathers palzie hands,  
Ioyn'd like two supplyants, pressing to thy throwne?  
Looke how the furrowes of his aged cheeke,  
Fild with the reuolets of wet eyde mone,  
Begg mercy for Earle Gloster? weigh his gilt,  
Why for a slaue, should Royall blood be spilt?

*Ski.* You wrong myne honour: Skink may be reueng'd,

*Hen.* Father I doe commend your humble course.

2980

## A pleasant Commodity

But quite dislike the proiect of your sute,  
Good words in an ill cause makes the fact worse,  
Of blood or Bafenés, Iustice will dispute,  
The greater man the greater his transgression,  
Where strength wrongs weaknes, it is meare oppression,

*La.* O but King Henry heare a sifter speake,  
Gloster was wrong'd, his lands were giuen away,  
They are not Iustly said, Iust lawes to break,  
That keep their owne right, with what power they may,  
Thinke then thy Royall selfe began the wrong,  
In giuing Skinke what did to him belong.

2990

*Quee.* Heare me Sonne Henry, while thou art a King,  
Giue, take, pryson, thy subiects are thy slaues,  
Life, need, thrones: proud hearts in dungeons fling.  
Grace men to day, to morrowe giue them graues.  
A King must be like Fortune; euer turning,  
The world his football, all her glory spurning.

*Glo.* Still your olde counsaile Beldam pollicie,  
You'r a fit Tutresse in a Monarchy.

*Rich.* Mother you are vniust, sauage, too cruell,  
Vnlike a woman: gentlenes guides their sexe,  
But you to furies fire ad more fewell,  
The vexed spirit, will you delight to vex?  
O God when I consaite what you haue done,  
I am a sham'd to be este'm'd your sonne.

3000

*Jo.* Base Richard I disdaine to call thee brother,  
Takest thou a traytors part in our disgrace?  
For Gloster, wilt thou wrong our sacred mother?  
I scorne thee and defie thee to thy face.

O that we were in field, then shouldst thou trie,

3010

*Rob.* How fast Earle Iohn would from Prince Richard flye  
Thou meet a Lyon in feeld? poore mouse,  
All thy Carreers are in a Brothell house.

*Ioh.* Zounds boy.

*Ric.* Now man:

*Ley.* Richard you wrong Prince Iohn.

*Ric.* Leyster tweare Good you proou'd his Champion.

*Ioh.* Hasten

called Looke about you.

*Jo.* Hasten the execution Royall Lord,  
Let deeds make answer for their worthlesse wordes.

*Glo.* I know if I respected hand or head, 3020  
I am encompassed with a world of frends,  
And could from fury bee deliuered.  
But then my freedom hazards many liues.  
Henry performe the vtmost of thy hate,  
Let thy hard harted mother haue her wil,  
Giue Franticke Iohn no longer cause to prate,  
I am prepared for the worst of ill,  
You see my knees kisse the cold pavement's face,  
They are not bent to Henry nor his frends,  
But to all you whose blood fled to your hearts, 3030  
Shewes your true sorrowe in your ashy cheekes:  
To you I bend my knees, you I intreat,  
To smile on Glosters Resolution.

Who euer loues me will not shed a teare,  
Nor breath a sigh, nor show a cloudy frowne,  
Looke Henry, heares my hand, I lay it downe,  
And sweare as I haue Knighthood heer't shall lye,  
Till thou haue vsed all thy tyranny.

*La.* Has no man heart to speake?

*Glo.* Let all that loue me keepe silence, or by heauen Ile 3040  
hate them dying.

*Quee.* Harry off with his hand, then with his head.

*Fau.* By the red rood I cannot chuse but weepe.  
Come loue or hate my teares I cannot keepe.

*Que.* When comes this lingring executioner?

*Job.* An executioner: an executioner:

*Hen.* Call none till we haue drunke: father fill wine,  
To day your Office is to beare our cupp.

*Ric.* Ile fill it Henry. *K. kneele downe.*

*He.* Dick you are too meane, so bow vnto your soueraigne, 3050

*Gl.* Kneele to his childe? O hell! O tortor! (Gloster learne:  
Who would loue life, to see this huge dishonor?

*Hen.* Saturne kneel'd to his Sonne, the God was faine  
To call young Ioue his ages Soueraigne.

### A pleafant Commodity

Take now your feate againe and weare your Crowne;  
Now fhineth Henry like the Middaies Sonne,  
Through his Horizon, darting all his beames,  
Blinding with his bright fplendor euery eye,  
That ftares againft his face of Maiefty.  
The Commets, whose malicious gleames  
Threatned the ruyne of our Royalty,  
Stands at our mercy, yet our wrath denyes  
All fauour, but extreame extreamities.  
Glofter, haue to thy forrow, chafe thy arme  
That I may fee thy bloud (I long'd for oft)  
Gush from thy vaines, and ftaine this Pallace roofe.

3060

*Io.* Twould exceed gilding.

*Quee.* I as golde doth Oaker.

*Glo.* Its wel ye count my bloud fo precious.

*Hen.* Leyfter reach Glofter wine.

3070

*Ley.* I reach it him?

*Hen.* Proude Earle ile fpurne thee, quickly go & beare it

*Glo.* Ile count it poyfon if his hand come neere it.

*Hen.* Give it him Leyfter vpon our difpleafure.

*Glo.* Thus Glofter takes it, thus againe he flings it,  
In fcorne of him that fent it, and of him that brought it.

*Ski.* O braue fpirit!

*La.* Brauely refolu'd brother, I honour thee.

*Quee.* Harke how his fifter ioyes in his abufe?

Wilt thou indure it Hall?

3080

*Fau.* Peace good Marian.

*Hen.* Auoyde there euery vnder Officer.

Leaue but vs, our Pieres and Ladyes heere.

Richard you loue Earle Glofter: looke about

If you can fpye one in this company,

That hath not done as great a finne as Glofter;

Chufe him, let him be the executioner.

*Ric.* Thou haft done worfe then, like rebellious head,  
Haft arm'd ten thoufand hands againft his life  
That lou'd thee fo, as thou wert made a King,  
Being his childe, now he's thy vnderling.

3090

I haue

called Looke about you.

I haue done worfe: thrife I drew my fwoord,  
In three fet battles for thy falfe defence.  
Iohn hath done worfe, he ftill hath tooke thy part,  
All of vs three haue fmitte our fathers heart;  
Which made proude Leyfter bolde to ftroke his face,  
To his eternall fhame, and our difgrace.

*Hen.* Silence, I fee thou meanft to finde none fit.  
I am fure, nor Lancafter, nor Huntington,  
Nor Faukenbridge, will lay a hand on him. 3100  
Mother, wife, brother, lets defcend the Throane  
Where Henry is the Monarch of the Weft,  
Hath fet amongft his Princes dignified.  
Father take you the place, fee Iuftice.

*Kin.* Its iniuft Iuftice I muft tell thee Sonne.

*Hen.* Mother holde you the Bafon, you the Towell,  
I know your French hearts thirft for Englifh bloud;  
Iohn, take the Mallet, I will holde the knife,  
And when I bid thee fmite, ftroke for thy life:  
Make a marke Surgion, Glofter now prepare thee. 3110

*Glo.* Tut, I am ready, to thy worft I dare thee.

*Hen.* Then haue I done my worft, thrife honoured Earle,  
I doe imbrace thee in affections armes.

*Quee.* What meanes thou Henry? O what meanes my Son?

*Hen.* I meane no longer to be lullaby'd,  
In your feditious armes.

*Hen. wife.* *Mordieu* Henry.

*Hen.* *Mordieu* nor deuill, little tit of Fraunce,  
I know your hart leapes, at our hearts mifchaunce,  
*Jo.* Swounds Henry thou art mad: 3120

*Hen.* I haue bin mad; what ftampft thou Iohn? knowft thou  
not who I am?

Come ftamp the deuill out, fuckt from thy Dam.

*Que.* Ile curffe thee Henry.

*Hen.* You'r beft be quiet, leaft where we finde you, to the  
Tower we beare you,  
For being abroad, England hath caufe to feare yee.

*Kin.* I am ftucke dombe with wonder.

## A pleafant Commodity

*Glo.* I amaz'd, imagine that I fee a vizio.

*Hen.* Glofter, I giue thee firft this Skinke, this flaue, 3130  
Its in thy power, his life to fpill or faue,

*Skin.* He's a noble gentleman, I doe not doubt his vfage.

*Hen.* Stand not thus wondring, Princes kneele all downe,  
And caft your Coronets before his Crowne.

Downe ftubborne Queene, kneele to your wronged King,  
Downe Mammet; Leyfter ile cut of thy legs,  
If thou delay thy duety: when proude Iohn?

*Io.* Nay if all kneele, of force I muft be one.

*Fau.* Now by my holydom a vertuous deed.

*Hen.* Father you fee your moft rebellious fonne, 3140  
Stricken with horror of his horred guilt,  
Requesting fentence fitting his defart,  
O treade vpon his head, that trode your heart.  
I doe deliuer vp all dignity,  
Crowne, Scepter, fword vnto your Maiefty.

*Kin.* My heart furfets with ioy in hearing this.  
And deare Sonne ile bleffe thee with a kiffe.

*Hen.* I will not rife, I will not leaue this ground,  
Till all thefe voyces ioyned in one found:  
Cry, God faue Henry fecond of that name, 3150  
Let his friends liue, his foes fee death with shame.

*All.* God faue Henry fecond of that name,  
Let his friends liue, his foes fee death with shame.

*Hen.* Amen, Amen, Amen.

*Job.* Harke mother harke?  
My brother is already turned Clarke.

*Quee.* He is a recreant, I am mad with rage.

*Hen.* Be angry at your enuy gracious mother,  
Learne patience and true humility 3160  
Of your worft tuter'd Sonne, for I am he.  
Send hence that Frenchwoman, giue her her dowry,  
Let her not fpeake, to trouble my milde foule,  
Which of this world hath taken her laft leaue:  
And by her power, will my proude flefh controule.  
Off with thefe filkes, my garments fhall be gray,

My



called Looke about you.

My shirt hard hayre, my bed the ashey dust,  
My pillow but a lumpe of hardned clay :  
For clay I am, and vnto clay I must,  
O I beseech ye let me goe alone,  
To liue, where my loose life I may bemone.

3170

*Kin.* Sonne?

*Quee.* Sonne?

*Ric.* Brother?

*Io.* Brother?

*Hen.* Let none call me their Sonne, I am no mans brother,  
My kindred is in heauen, I know no other,  
Farewell, farewell, the world is yours, pray take it,  
Ile leaue vexation, and with ioy forsake it.

*Exit.*

*La.* Wondrous conuersion.

*Fau.* Admirable good: now by my holydam Mall passing 3180

*Ric.* H'ath fir'd my soule I will to Palestine, (good.

And pay my vows before the Sepulcher,  
Among the multitude of misbeliefe.  
Ile shew my selfe the Souldier of Christ,  
Spend bloud, sweat teares, for satisfaction  
Of many many finnes which I lament :  
And neuer thinke to haue them pardoned,  
Till I haue part of Sirria conquered.

*Glo.* He makes me wonder, and inflames my spirits,  
With an exceeding zeale to Portingale,  
Which Kingdome the vnchristned Sarifons,  
The blacke fac'd Affricans, and tawny Moores,  
Haue got vniustly in possession:  
Whence I will fire them with the help of heauen.

3190

*Ski.* Skinke will scotch them braue Gloster  
Make Carbonadoes of their Bacon fletches ;  
Deserue to be counted valiant by his valour,  
And Ryuo will he cry, and Castile too,  
And wonders in the land of Ciuile doo.

*Rob.* O that I were a man to see these fights,  
To spend my bloud amongst these worthy Knights.

3200

*Fa.* Mary aye me, were I a boy againe,

*Ide*

## A pleafant Commodity

Ide either to Ierufalem or Spaine.

*Iob.* Faith Ile keepe England, mother you and I  
Will liue, for all this fight and foolery.

*Kin.* Peace to vs all, let's all for peace giue prayfe,  
Vnlookt for peace, vnlookt for happy dayes.

Loue Henries birth day, he hath bin new borne,  
I am new crowned, new fettled in my feate.

Lets' all to the Chappell, there giue thanks and praife, 3210  
Befeeching grace from Heauens eternal Throne,

That England neuer know more Prince then one. *Exeunt*

## *F ʒ N I S.*

